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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

SPRING 1969

Volume 98 Number 2

Introduction

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO, WOODSTOCK LETTERS published a startling series of memoirs, "Philippine Jesuits Under the Japanese" (WL 74 [1945] 171–283). In this eyewitness account of the Japanese occupation of Manila and of Jesuit life during it, the name John F. Hurley, wartime Jesuit superior of the Philippines, figured prominently. We now publish the late Fr. Hurley's own account. Special thanks for this event must go to Rev. Francis X. Curran, S.J., of Fordham University. Not only has Fr. Curran released Fr. Hurley's manuscript to us; he was also instrumental in getting the modest author to record his memories in the first place. In the present issue we print the first nine chapters of "Wartime Superior in the Philippines." We omit chapters ten and eleven, "The Catholic Welfare Organization" and "War Claims," which are technical in nature and of less general interest to the reader.

Rev. Horace B. McKenna, S.J., of St. Aloysius Parish in Washington, D. C., records in this issue a night he spent last summer in Resurrection City. Few Jesuits, young or old, shared the experience of Fr. McKenna, a Jesuit for fifty-three years; few perhaps also share his gracious and observant eye.

In this issue we also include two reports on New York Province renewal. Advisory in nature, rather than province policy, the reports deal with Fordham University and the New York secondary schools. WOODSTOCK LETTERS would gladly receive any other reports of such a nature, particularly from provinces farther away from its home base.

G. C. R.

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FOR CONTRIBUTORS

WOODSTOCK LETTERS solicits manuscripts from all Jesuits on all topics of particular interest to fellow Jesuits: Ignatian spirituality, the activities of our various apostolates, problems facing the modern Society, and the history of the Society, particularly in the United States and its missions. In general it is our policy to publish major obituary articles on men whose work would be of interest to the whole assistancy.

Letters of comment and criticism will be welcomed for the Readers' Forum.

Manuscripts, preferably the original copy, should be double-spaced with ample margins. Whenever possible, contributors of articles on Ignatian spirituality and Jesuit history should follow the stylistic norms of the Institute of Jesuit Sources. These are most conveniently found in Supplementary Notes B and C and in the list of abbreviations in Joseph de Guibert, S.J., *The Jesuits: Their Spiritual Doctrine and Practice*, trans. W. J. Young (Chicago, 1964), pp. 609–16.

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WARTIME SUPERIOR IN THE PHILIPPINES

when bombs fell on Manila

John F. Hurley, S.J.

In 1936, the Rev. John Fidelis Hurley, S.J., a powerfully built and indomitable young man of forty-four, assumed office as the superior of the Jesuit mission in the Philippine Islands. On December 15, 1945, Fr. Hurley, with a body no longer young and its health permanently impaired, but with a spirit still indomitable, gladly relinquished the reins of his religious office to other hands. The years of his superiorship had been a most memorable decade in world history. The Japanese conquest of the Philippines and the subsequent three years' occupation of the islands had been a period of intense anguish and trials for the people in the Philippines, Filipino and American, Catholic and non-Catholic. In those difficult years, Fr. Hurley—"Father Mercy" as he came to be called—emerged as a tower of strength. Not only did he inspire the brethren of his own religious order, but he assisted and encouraged and influenced the prelates, priests, brothers and sisters of the Filipino Catholic Church. He took immense risks and spent huge sums of borrowed money to succor sick and starving prisoners of war, internees, and fugitives in the boondocks of Luzon. As he himself often had reason to know, his chances of coming out of the war alive were minimal.

But, by some miracle of divine grace, survive he did. Terribly emaciated, with a permanently impaired heart, he

looked about the wreckage of Manila and the Philippines and at once set to work on rehabilitation and reconstruction. At his suggestion, the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines (Archbishop William Piani) used his special faculties from the Holy See, created the Catholic Welfare Organization, designated himself as President-General and Fr. Hurley as Secretary-General. This proved to be the largest and most useful of the private agencies in the work of aiding the Filipino people in the aftermath of the war. On his return to the United States, he labored long and successfully in the halls of Congress to see to it that the American people did not forget the debt of gratitude and of justice that they owed to the people who had suffered for them in the Philippines.

Clearly, Fr. Hurley's story should be told. Obviously, he was the man who should tell it. To this desirable objective, however, there was one major obstacle: Fr. Hurley. And it took a score of years to move that obstacle. But as the dripping of water will wear down stone, so the constant appeals of his brethren, the reiterated desires of his religious superiors, and possibly the appointment of the present writer as a kind of gadfly, at long last had their effect. The prime mover in the appointment of this gadfly was the late Fr. J. Franklin Ewing, S.J., who, after his constant urging of Fr. Hurley proved of no avail, laid the case before the New York Provincial, who enthusiastically issued the order. To Fr. Hurley's constant objection that he did not want to blow his own horn, the constant answer was that he had a duty to his Society of Jesus, his Church in the Philippines and his Filipino people to put down on the record his memoirs of years of trial and torment and eventual triumph.

So, for the benefit of future historians, the present pages were prepared. In their preparation, Fr. Hurley used many sources. He well knew that the human memory is fallible, especially in attempts to recall events which are receding into the dim past. Therefore he checked his recollection of events against the thousands of documents in his files. A preliminary draft of the present pages he sent to a number

of his brethren who were with him in the Philippines, in order that they might offer suggestions and corrections. In this connection, he wished to express his thanks, particularly to Frs. Henry W. Greer (R.I.P.), John P. McNicholas (his loyal and devoted socius and secretary respectively), William C. Repetti (R.I.P.), and Arthur A. Weiss, who spent many days organizing the documents of the War Claims and the Catholic Welfare Organization. The present record, then, is as accurate as Fr. Hurley can make it.

The function of the present writer was simply to assist Fr. Hurley in putting the following pages into shape.

Francis X. Curran, S.J.
Professor of History
Fordham University

November 21, 1966

1) The War Comes

VERY EARLY on the morning of Sunday, December 8, 1941, I left the Jesuit residence on Arzobispo Street in the Intramuros section of Manila, the old Spanish walled town. I headed for the civilian airport at Grace Park, just north of the city, where I planned to catch the seven o'clock plane for Baguio, the resort town about 125 miles north of Manila in the mountains of Luzon. Manuel Quezon, President of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, was there at the time, and I hoped to have a brief interview with him.

The cause of my journey travelled with me. He was a novice scholastic of the Society of Jesus, Teodoro Arvisu. The young man had recently achieved his long-nourished ambition to become a Jesuit. His parents, Dr. and Mrs. Teodoro Arvisu, had long and bitterly opposed their son's vocation. But when the young man had graduated from our college of the Ateneo de Manila and had reached the age of twenty-one, he applied, I accepted him, and he had entered the novitiate of Novaliches, a few miles north of Manila. His parents thereupon instituted a law suit to force his withdrawal from the Jesuits. When the court ruled against them, his father, who was the personal physician of President Quezon, asked the President to intervene. Mr. Quezon had given orders that the young man should be drafted into the Philippine Army. When the order came, I got in touch with Maj. Gen. Basilio Valdez, Army Chief of Staff, to protest. The general agreed with me that the draft order violated the law, and he further told me it was against army regulations. But if the Commander-in-Chief had given an order. . . . My plan was to present young Arvisu to the President, and let him speak for himself. If, at the end of the interview, the President could inform me that the young man wished to leave the Jesuit order, I, as superior of the Jesuit missions in the Philippines, would cease to protest.

When we arrived at the airport we found a scene of great agitation. The news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor had just come in and had spread like wildfire. I knew that President Quezon would be a busy man indeed, but I still hoped that he would be able to find a few minutes to discuss our little problem. Conse-

quently young Arvisu and I boarded the plane, which took off at the scheduled time. When we had been airborne about fifteen minutes, I noticed from the position of the sun that we were no longer flying north, but to the south. The dozen or so passengers were quite mystified, and the mystery remained until a few minutes later the plane landed again at Grace Park, the door opened, and an official informed us that we must all disembark. The American Army command had ordered that the plane be recalled and sent for safety to southern Luzon. As we disembarked we discussed the question whether or not we would not have been just as safe going on to Baguio. Later we learned that the Japanese began bombing the airfield at Baguio, just at our estimated time of arrival.

Young Arvisu and myself headed back to the residence in Intramuros where I learned that Gen. Valdez had been on the phone insistently. When I phoned Philippine Army Headquarters and was connected with the general, he said: "Padre, please get over here as soon as you can and bring Arvisu with you. I have orders to arrest you, but I cannot do anything like that. So please come over at once." We hurried to headquarters, which understandably were in pandemonium. Valdez, a good friend of mine, had arranged to have us brought at once to his office, where in a fury of activity and concern, he took the time to express chagrin at the order that Quezon had issued that Arvisu be drafted at once, and passed the young man his orders to report immediately to General Vicente Lim in Manila.

Inter arma silent leges. The time for protest had passed. I escorted Arvisu to the headquarters of Gen. Lim, another good friend of mine, who was preparing to move south of Manila to defend the coast against possible Japanese landings. I turned the young novice over to the general and returned to the Jesuit house in Intramuros. (During the war, Gen. Lim was killed by the Japanese. Young Arvisu survived, re-entered the Jesuits, was ordained priest, and after only a few years of brilliant service, suffered an early death.)

At Jesuit headquarters, I too had decisions to make. The war would affect everything in the Philippine Islands, including the Church and the Jesuit Order. What stance should we take? Where could our young scholastics best and most safely continue their training? Work that first fatal day was continually interrupted. Late

in the morning, Clyde "Chappie" Chapman, head of Mackay Radio in Manila, phoned to inform me that the attack on Pearl Harbor was far more serious than people thought; it was a disaster. Word was coming through of the terrible destruction there when suddenly reports were cut off and orders came through that the reports were to be kept from the public.

Later heavy gunfire broke out. From the windows of our house in Intramuros, we could look over the port area, only a few hundred yards away. There we saw a U. S. Navy ship, heavily camouflaged, firing its anti-aircraft guns. High above the reach of the flak, Japanese planes were dropping bombs on the shipping in the Port Area. Later we learned that the Japanese had heavily bombed Clark Field, north of Manila; that night we could hear the bombs explode on Nichols Field, just south of Manila.

Inventories

The coming of the war was not altogether unexpected in the Philippines. Early in 1941, Gen. George Marshall, Chief of Staff in Washington, had ordered the return to the United States of the families of all Army personnel in the islands; the Navy had issued similar orders previously. At the time so remote did the possibility of war appear that there was considerable grumbling by members of the armed forces. The orders for evacuation did prompt some speculation by American civilians, particularly those of the business community, about the advisability of returning to the States. As I recall, very few left. Most businessmen judged that there would not be any serious conflict in the Far East. Indeed their chief concern was to build up large inventories before the war in Europe cut into their sources of supplies. When the Japanese did attack, Manila had the biggest inventory that it had ever known.

On July 4, 1941, I attended a large gathering at the Manila Hotel on the waterfront of the bay. We were addressed by the American High Commissioner, Francis B. Sayre, and Admiral Thomas C. Hart, commander of the U. S. Navy in the Far East. Both officials, while warning that we might be in for some little difficulties, issued soothing and reassuring statements. Obviously it was the policy of the American government to encourage American civilians to remain in the islands. The wholesale flight of the American community to the States would unquestionably have a deleterious effect on the morale of the Filipinos.

For the evacuation of the families of the members of the armed forces was already having bad effects on the morale of our American soldiers, airmen, and sailors, so much so that the high command was concerned. One day at Arzobispo Street, I received a visit from the chief Catholic chaplain to the American forces in the Philippines. I was surprised to learn from him that he came at the suggestion of High Commissioner Sayre and Maj. Gen. George Grunert who was in command of the Department of the Philippines. The chaplain requested that, in order to help morale, I should assign American Jesuits to give lectures to the men at the various military installations in the islands. My instinctive reaction was that the idea might be self-defeating; members of the armed forces might resent exhortations to courage coming, not from professional fighting men, but from civilians, and civilians moreover whose white cassocks showed that they would not take up arms themselves. I asked the chaplain for time to think it over and to discuss the matter with other Jesuit fathers. When he returned a day or two later, I proposed, and he agreed, that we might accomplish his purpose by sending American priests to lecture under the formal title of "The Psychology of the Filipino."

Indeed a course of lectures on the psychology of the Filipino would of itself have been useful to American servicemen in the islands. Filipino culture is not European or American. Lack of mutual understanding between Filipinos and Americans could and did cause unpleasant incidents. When the Japanese occupied the islands, their complete ignorance and disdain of Filipino culture was one of the major reasons for Filipino hatred of their occupiers.

A few days later, I proposed my ideas at a luncheon at the Army and Navy Club in Manila, which was attended by the high commissioner and the commanding general and members of their staffs, and from which the press was excluded. I was pleasantly surprised at their enthusiastic reception of our plan, and I readily agreed to set up schedules of lectures by American Jesuit priests at the various military installations.

I myself went to Clark Field, our major airbase in the islands, and gave a lecture to our airmen. Among those present was Brig. Gen. Edward King, at the time military advisor to the Philippine office of the USAFFE. The initials stood for United States Armed

Forces of the Far East, or as the fighting men at the time declared, the United States Armed Forces Fighting for England. Later Gen. King was given command of the Army in Bataan and had the humiliating task of surrendering and participating in the infamous Death March.

My visit to the base demonstrated to a mere civilian as myself that we were far from ready for combat. Some of the young flying officers had little experience in piloting their planes. Indeed some had no experience whatever in night flying, and they could not acquire it at Clark Field, because neither the field nor the planes were equipped for night flights. The officer who drove me back to Manila summed it up: "Padre, we have the best typewriters of any army in the world."

And the airmen knew their precarious situation. Nichols Field, the air field south of Manila, was just a few miles from the campus of our Ateneo de Manila on Padre Faura Street, and many servicemen used to attend Sunday Mass in our college chapel. On the Sunday preceding Pearl Harbor, numbers of these airmen gave the fathers and scholastics at the Ateneo their home addresses and mementoes for their families back in the States, with requests that the Jesuits get in touch with their families in the event of their deaths. They reported that Japanese reconnaissance planes were flying over Nichols Field, and the Americans could do nothing about it. Their planes were not equipped to reach the high levels of over 10,000 feet at which the Japanese planes flew.

In the Philippines, November 30th is National Heroes Day. The outstanding event of the day, attended by thousands of Filipinos, is a formal review by the President of the Commonwealth of the cadet regiment of the University of the Philippines. In 1941, Mr. Quezon informed the university officials that he would, as usual, take the review, but that he would, contrary to custom, address the audience and the cadets.

I had forewarning that the speech would be of more than usual importance. Fr. Edwin C. Ronan, C.P., who at the request of the Philippine government had come over from America to organize the chaplain corps in the Philippine Army, informed me that during the week before the review, the President, obviously under great nervous tension, was busy working on his address.

On the afternoon of November 30, I made my way to the reviewing field and was escorted to a seat a few feet away from the podium erected for the President. The audience was large and included practically all the ranking officials of the Commonwealth. Supreme Court justices, senators, congressmen, cabinet members and the upper echelons of their staffs were there in profusion. The day was cool and cloudy, threatening rain. The actual review passed without incident, but when the President stepped to the podium to begin his address to the assembled audience and the cadets in serried ranks before him, the clouds poured down a heavy, drenching rain. The cadets, without waiting for orders, simply broke ranks and ran for cover. Obviously annoyed, Quezon bellowed out at them. Sheepishly, the cadets returned and reformed their ranks.

President Quezon

At the podium Mr. Quezon shuffled the pages of his speech for a moment. But the next moment, he pushed the pages aside and with one arm resting on the podium he leaned towards his audience with a most serious mien. His first words were: "I am here to make public confession of my first failure in my public life." At this there was a titter throughout the audience; obviously they believed he was joking. But his glare should have removed any misunderstanding; he was *not* making jokes. His next sentence was bellowed: "If bombs start falling on Manila next week . . ." At this there was an uproarious laugh from the audience. Only a few feet away, I could see the President in a fury. His eyes flashing fire, he shouted "You fools!" Shocked into immediate silence, his auditors waited in apprehension. The President resumed: "If bombs start falling on Manila next week, then take the traitors and hang them to the nearest lamp post." He went on to tell the Filipinos that war could come to their islands at any moment and that the armed forces were not ready for it. Several months before he had complained to Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt about the weakness of Filipino defenses against the dangers threatening the islands. He informed his audience that he had told Roosevelt that he felt it his duty to warn his people. The American President had begged him not to make any such public statement, for it would have a bad effect on a delicate international situation. But now, Quezon declared, the situation had

become so perilous that he would be dereliet in his duty if he did not inform his people of the dread prospect before them.

The speech of Pres. Quezon was one of the most magnificent I have ever listened to. Never have I seen a man so sincerely honest and forthright and courageous in his remarks. He aimed to arouse his fellow countrymen to their danger. But it appeared that he failed. As the audience broke up, I sensed that the reaction of those present was incredulity.

A further incident demonstrated that I had gauged the reaction of the audience aright. On returning to Intramuros, I wrote a brief letter to Mr. Quezon, to congratulate him on his magnificent effort to arouse the country to the dangers he so clearly saw. I knew from experience how to get the letter to him quickly. I went to Malacanan Palace, the official residence of the President on the banks of the Pasig River, and entrusted it to the American ex-soldier on guard at the gate.

Early the next morning I received a phone call from Malacanan Palace. The speaker was Mrs. Jaime de Veyra, the President's social secretary, who told me what had transpired. Mrs. Quezon had told her that the President had not slept all night; nor did she, for her husband walked the floor of their bedroom continuously. Mrs. de Veyra said that at the breakfast table the President looked more troubled than she had ever seen him. At the table, the President received my note, ripped it open, read it, and then tossed it down the table to his wife. For the first time, Mrs. de Veyra said, he seemed to get a grip on himself. He spoke to his wife: "Here, read that, Aurora. That man has no axe to grind. He is not afraid to talk honestly and frankly, as he has done to me on several occasions. He is absolutely honest and I trust every word that he says. That note means more than anything that these fools think or say." (Quite an encomium from a man who in a few days would order my arrest!) Mrs. de Veyra informed me that she was phoning on instructions from the First Lady, to express her gratitude for the encouragement I had afforded her husband.

An hour later, Mrs. de Veyra arrived at our house in Intramuros. She told me she came at the President's order to deliver his note of acknowledgment and to express verbally his sense of gratitude; she was forbidden to send any lesser messenger. Mrs. de Veyra fur-

ther informed me that I was the only man in the Philippine Islands who had sent a word of encouragement to the President. While cables of reproach were pouring in from the United States, the members of his own government were silent, a fact which troubled Quezon exceedingly. For the only time in Mrs. de Veyra's experience, the President called for pen and ink and wrote the message in his own scrawl. (Unfortunately, the missive vanished in the later destruction of Manila.)

Pres. Quezon tried to warn his countrymen, and failed. Next week came. And the bombs started falling on Manila.

II) Awaiting the Japanese

IN SUBSEQUENT DAYS, bombs fell intermittently on Manila. Japanese planes flew unimpeded over the city by day and by night. Usually the bombardiers aimed for the shipping in the Pasig River, which bisects Manila, or those ships anchored in the bay itself, or tied up at the piers in North Harbor. Often the planes missed their targets, and their bombs fell into the city itself, notably into Intramuros. In our residence on Arzobispo Street, we found it useful during air raids to take shelter in a stairwell between the residence and the church, an area safe from any but a direct hit. When the planes had passed, our priests would go out with the oils for Extreme Unction to be of service to the wounded and dead. At times we would find the street in front of our house littered with shrapnel. Often enough the dead we discovered bore no marks of wounds; they were simply killed by the force of the bomb blasts. The Manila Fire Department did heroic work with inadequate equipment, rescuing those trapped in bombed buildings, putting out the tremendous fires which raged in the area, working twenty hours a day.

Immediately upon the outbreak of war, the authorities rounded up all Japanese civilians in Manila and put them in small internment camps. Few if any of these Japanese were Catholics, but they requested religious services and the American Army asked me to supply them with temporary chaplains. I assigned Fr. Henry Avery as a resident chaplain in an internment camp of the Japanese just south of Manila and I myself on several occasions said Mass for Japanese interned in a building in Manila. The Japanese were most

courteous and appreciative of our services. Apparently our presence reassured them; they were not going to be turned over to the tender mercies of a mob, or killed by the military.

While all Japanese were rounded up, Japanese agents were at work in Manila. Who they were, no one ever discovered. But at night, apparently to guide the bombing planes, or more likely as a bit of psychological warfare, flares would be lit by unknown hands. One night flares were placed right beside our house in Intramuros. We were awakened by a tremendous rapping on our front door. When the great door was opened, in burst a group of Manila police, members of the American and Filipino Armies, and of the Philippine Constabulary. They were of course searching for the men who had set off the flares. When they discovered who occupied the building, they moved to leave. But I insisted that they search the building, lest one of the saboteurs had entered without our knowledge. Search parties went through the building. I led one, and as I approached the door to the roof, a young American sergeant stopped me by getting a grasp on my white cincture. He refused to let me go on the roof; in my white habit I would be a perfect target. He had a valid point. Sporadic firing of guns went on throughout the city by day and by night, and particularly in areas where flares were flaming. As one Army officer explained, the men were so jittery they were just firing their guns into the air or aiming them at any suspicious object. On my insistence that I lead the party onto the roof, the sergeant gave me a memorable answer: "No indeed, Padre. I don't want to be responsible for you getting shot. I am getting $55 a month to get shot at." While the flares might not have been particularly useful to the Japanese air force, their reiterated flaming and the subsequent raids and shootings added to the troubles of the defense forces and heightened the fears and apprehensions of the people of Manila.

Nor was Manila able to find reassurance in the news that came into the city. The Japanese had made good their landings on the major islands of the archipelago. On Luzon they were present in strength and were closing in on the Philippine capital. And preparations were being made for the evacuation of Manila by the defense forces and the Commonwealth government. To celebrate Christmas in the usual fashion was impossible, when the people of

Manila could see the ships steaming away from the city to Corregidor and the Bataan peninsula.

On December 27 Manuel Quezon transferred the government of the Commonwealth of the Philippines to Corregidor, and Gen. Douglas MacArthur formally designated Manila an open city.

We in Manila waited in dread the coming of the conquerors.

In the meanwhile, I had taken such steps as I thought necessary and proper to safeguard and continue the work of the Society of Jesus in the Philippines. The Jesuits had had a long and not inglorious history in the islands. If we could help it, it was not going to end due to a war.

The Spaniards had begun the occupation and Christianization of the Philippines in 1565, under the leadership of the soldier Legaspi and the Augustinian friar Urdaneta. The first Jesuits had come to the islands in 1581 and served until in 1767 orders were given that all Jesuits were to be expelled from the Spanish Empire. The Spanish Jesuits had returned to the archipelago in 1859 and had resumed their earlier works.

In 1921 the Jesuits of the Province of Aragon began the transfer of their endeavors in the Philippines to American Jesuits. During World War I, the mission fields in India staffed by Jesuits from Germany were largely denuded of priests due to the internment of the German Jesuits by the British government and their repatriation after the end of the war. It was decided at Jesuit headquarters in Rome that the place of the Germans should be taken over by American fathers. But when the Americans assigned to India applied for visas, they met inexplicable delays and postponements at the hands of British officials. Apparently the British Raj did not want American Jesuits in India. Finally higher Jesuit superiors decided to see if Spanish Jesuits were more acceptable to the British rulers of India. They were. Thereupon the Province of Aragon was asked to take over the former German missions in India, and the Province of Maryland-New York was assigned to supply men for the Jesuit works in the Philippines.

American Jesuits

The first contingent of American Jesuits to the islands numbered a dozen priests and ten scholastics, of whom I was one. We reached

Manila in July, 1921. While some of the Spanish Jesuits sailed to India, a large number remained to break in the new-comers and to continue the works to which they had devoted their lives. A catalog which we drew up under date of June 12, 1942, shows that some 17% of the Jesuits in the islands were Spaniards: 19 priests and 14 brothers. Fortunate it was that they remained. When the Japanese rounded up the American Jesuits in concentration camps, the Spaniards, as citizens of a neutral nation, were left undisturbed to continue their necessary services. Together with Filipino Jesuits, they continued the life of the Church in the barrios of Bukidnon and Zamboanga, the missionary areas assigned to the Jesuits in the large southern island of Mindanao.

In the years subsequent to 1921, other groups of American Jesuits appeared in the island, and a large number of young and eager Filipinos entered the Society of Jesus. According to the catalog mentioned above, there were in the islands in the first summer of the war 264 Jesuits. Of that number, some 47% were Americans; 85 priests, 35 scholastics and 5 brothers, a total of 125. The Filipinos were about 36%: 28 priests, 62 scholastics and 14 brothers, a total of 104. (The catalog notes that one Filipino, Juan Gaerlan, serving as a chaplain in the Philippine Army, had been killed in unknown circumstances. Later we learned from two eye-witnesses the manner of his death. With other prisoners of war, Fr. Gaerlan was on the infamous Death March. He escaped but later was recaptured, together with about 100 other escapees, by the Japanese, who simply wired them together and then bayoneted them to death.)

The major houses of the Jesuit Philippine mission were, apart from the works in Mindanao, concentrated about and in the city of Manila. My chief concern was the safety of the young students for the priesthood. Our Jesuit novices, juniors and philosophers, about fifty in number, together with a dozen of our brothers and another dozen of our priests were stationed at Sacred Heart Novitiate and Scholasticate at Novaliches, a rather isolated area a dozen miles north of Manila. Closer to the capital at Balintawak was San Jose Seminary where, maintained by the income of a pious foundation called El Colegio de San Jose, our fathers educated minor and major seminarians for the secular clergy coming from dioceses all over the Philippines.

Japanese planes were flying regularly over the large and prominent buildings at Novaliches, possibly using them as a landmark. Since they might consider them a military target and bomb them, the Jesuits at the novitiate camouflaged them as best they could. But I was more concerned about the possibility that the novitiate and the seminary at San Jose might become battlegrounds between the USAFFE and the Japanese armies rapidly approaching from the north.

Manila seemed to be the safest place for the young men. Therefore I sent instructions to the fathers at San Jose to send the minor seminarians back home to their parents and to bring the philosophers and theologians into the city. Similar instructions were sent to the Jesuits at Novaliches. On Christmas day, the instructions were carried out. Leaving a few Filipino fathers and brothers at Novaliches, in order, if possible, to save the buildings from the ravages of plunderers, the Jesuit community and the San Jose major seminarians came into Manila. Christmas night the novices, juniors and philosophers spent in the Ateneo de Manila grade school next to the Jesuit residence in Intramuros. But since Japanese bombers were still flying over the city and occasional bombs were dropping in the area, on the following day I sent the young men to join the San Jose major seminarians at the main campus of the Ateneo de Manila, which in the southern section of the city known as Ermita was not close to any military targets.

The Ateneo de Manila was our most important school in the islands. Following the common pattern of Philippine schools, it comprised an elementary school, situated in Intramuros, and a high school and college, located at the main campus on Padre Faura Street. The campus of some thirteen acres was a few hundred yards from Dewey Boulevard, which skirted Manila Bay to the west, and even closer to Taft Avenue, a major artery on the east. The Ateneo was equipped to house boarders and since the college boys had gone home at the outbreak of the war, our scholastics and the Josefinos, as the seminary students were known, could find adequate facilities ready for them. Also on the campus was the Manila Observatory, the chief meteorological station of the Philippines, which had been created and was staffed by our fathers.

When the young men arrived, they found they had to share the

campus with a temporary hospital which the Red Cross had set up in the compound to take care of some of the numerous war casualties.

Before the Japanese entered the city on January 1, 1942, I had concentrated practically all the Jesuits in the Manila area at the Ateneo campus. A few of our men remained at the house of retreats known as La Ignatiana in the Santa Anna area on the Pasig River, and a few, as I have mentioned, remained at Novaliches. At the Ateneo, according to the catalog of June 12, 1942, were 161 Jesuits: 58 priests, 92 scholastics and 11 brothers.

The only other Jesuits on the main island of Luzon were a few of our men at the Ateneo de Naga, a small school in its days of infancy, in the town of Naga, over a hundred miles southeast of Manila. It appeared that in this little backwater our men would be safe. Indeed, the superior there, Fr. Francis D. Burns, telegraphed me in the first days of the war that everything was normal and suggesting that the Jesuits in Manila might be sent to Naga for safety. But the Japanese who had landed at the nearby town of Legaspi appeared, so we later learned, so suddenly in Naga, that they captured the train in the station waiting with steam up to depart for Manila. While the Filipino Jesuits were allowed to remain at our little school, Fr. Burns and the other American Jesuits were hurried off to the local *calabozo*. Later, they were sent to the Ateneo de Manila.

The families

Not only was I worried about the safety of our men in the Philippines, but I was concerned about the distress of the families of the Americans back in the States, and the concern of their religious brethren. I sent off a series of radiograms to Fr. Provincial in New York, keeping him informed as best I could. On December 29, an American demolition team destroyed the transmission tower of Mackay Radio. Chappie Chapman, I recall, persuaded the officer in charge to delay demolition until my last message, and the last message of Mackay Radio from Manila, was sent off. After the war, I discovered that the message was still remembered in New York, and I was given a copy: "All well, fathers, scholastics, magnificent work Red Cross, firemen, spirit superb, cheerio. Up Kerry. Signed,

Hurley." This ended our communications with mainland America.

Communications between Manila and the great southern island of Mindanao were severed early in the war. Only later did I learn of events there. Our brethren were able to maintain contact with mainland America after the lines to Manila had been cut, and Fr. Joseph Lucas was vice-superior pro tempore for the Jesuits in Mindanao. Our works were largely devoted to two sections of the enormous island. On the long peninsula stretching out to the southwest of the island was the town of Zamboanga. In this area we had a large number of churches, staffed chiefly by Filipino and Spanish Jesuits. When the Japanese entered the area, they did not intern these fathers. Consequently throughout the war the fathers in Zamboanga were able to remain at their posts and serve their parishioners.

Most American Jesuits in Mindanao were located in the other area, the northern coast of Mindanao, centered on the town of Cagayan de Oro, a few more were situated at the town of Davao on the south coast. Early on, some of the American padres hopefully believed that the Japanese would permit them to continue their services as pastors of their parishes, and therefore presented themselves to the occupying forces. They learned they were mistaken; they were immediately imprisoned by the Nipponese. One of these was James Hayes, Bishop of Cagayan de Oro, where we had our only school in the island, the Ateneo de Cagayan (now Xavier University). Others were captured by Japanese troops. All told, about a dozen American Jesuits ended up in Japanese hands and after a period of internment in Mindanao were shipped to Manila. Bishop Hayes in Manila managed to avoid internment, but the others were present to greet me when I was interned in Santo Tomas camp early in 1944.

But about twenty of our American padres in Mindanao remained free throughout the war. The island is so enormous that the Japanese had to be content to maintain garrisons in only some of the more important towns. Of course patrols frequently were sent out to visit the innumerable barrios in the boondocks. Our fathers would flit from place to place, never remaining too long in any one settlement, and relying on their faithful parishioners to warn them of the coming of the enemy. There were hairbreadth escapes by the score. For

example, an American padre, Clement Risacher was saying Mass when a Japanese patrol entered the barrio. While still wearing his vestments, he had to get to the nearest hiding place. He simply crawled under his altar, and hoped that the Japanese would not poke a bayonet through the long altar cloths. While the Japanese inspected all possible hiding places in the barrio, they ignored the altar.

Stories of two Jesuits in Mindanao may indicate the spirit of the Filipinos during the war. When the American pastor of the parish of Ligan had to take to the boondocks, his church was taken over by a fearless Filipino, Fr. Augustin Consunji. Violently pro-American and anti-Japanese he did little to conceal his feelings. The local guerrillas found him a useful friend and the Japanese found him a thorn in their side. Eventually he was seized and vanished from sight. We do not know the details of his imprisonment and death. Obviously he was treated abominably in the jail at Cagayan de Oro. The last bit of information we learned of him came from some Belgian sisters who travelled on an inter-island ship from Mindanao to Manila. On board they saw lying on the deck a prisoner, clad in a filthy shirt and trousers and tied hand and foot. They recognized Fr. Consunji and managed to speak to him briefly before they were driven away by the guards. What happened thereafter to this courageous priest we to the present day do not know.

Fr. John R. O'Connell was one of the American padres who avoided Japanese capture. He lived with the guerrillas in the Mindanao mountains and for some thirty months continued his priestly ministry as best he could. In the early summer of 1944 he fell deathly sick. By this time, the guerrillas had radio communications with the Allied forces, and they called for help. The American Navy sent a submarine. The faithful Filipinos carried the sick priest on a litter from the mountains to the coast over difficult trails and in increasing peril from Japanese patrols on a journey that took several days. They reached the appointed rendezvous and set the signal for the sub. Unfortunately the signal code had been changed, and the guerrillas had not yet received the new code. After surfacing for two nights at the appointed spot, the submarine commander gave the order, when the proper recognition signal had not been displayed, to sail for base. The disappointed Filipinos could only carry

the sick priest back to the mountains where shortly thereafter he died.

III) The Japanese Occupy Manila

BEFORE THE JAPANESE had entered Manila, I moved to the Ateneo de Manila on Padre Faura Street where I set up a cot in a room on the first floor just beside the main entrance to the Ateneo compound. At two o'clock in the morning of January 2nd there was a loud pounding and shouting out at our heavy gate. I got up, donned a bathrobe and went out to see what the rumpus was. I found a group of Japanese soldiers, probably fifteen or twenty, demanding entrance. I unlocked the gates and they entered. They were very nervous, very cautious, and watched me narrowly; understandably, for at the time the Japanese were not yet in Manila in force and did not know quite what was going to happen.

The officer in command pointed to a spot on his map marked "Manila Observatory" and obviously wanted to know if this was the place. I nodded that it was. (He, of course, knew no English and I knew no Japanese. Recourse however to the international sign language worked well.) Then by pointing to his eye to indicate inspection, he pushed his way into the foyer of the building. He saw the big Red Cross flag hanging at the door. Putting my fingers to my lips, I indicated that he was not to disturb the sick and the wounded. But by impatient pointing to his eye, he insisted on inspection. He was soon convinced that these were sick and injured people present. Apparently under instructions to secure the Observatory, the Japanese officer distributed his men. In the patio were piled some bags of sand for use as protection against bombs. He instructed his men to carry out the bags of sand and set up a barricade at the entrance. Thereupon sentries were posted.

The next morning many people coming to the Masses in our chapel were stopped by the Japanese sentries who relieved them of their wrist watches. Some of these soldiers had as many as six watches strapped on their arms. They also relieved people of their fountain pens. They designated a pen merely by calling it a Parker, and a watch, an Elgin. We were compelled to supply these sentries with cooked rice. For the rest of his meal, each sentry had a fish,

supposedly impregnated with vitamins and minerals, about ten inches long and as stiff as a board. One of these fish and a plate of rice was an iron ration for hours.

During the next two days, we were left just to wonder what would happen. We heard that many Americans were being taken to the Manila Hotel on Dewey Boulevard, about half a dozen blocks from our campus. We could see others on the campus of the University of the Philippines across the street. Others were summoned to Santo Tomas, the university run by the Spanish Dominicans on the other side of the Pasig River, which had a large campus with some tremendously large buildings.

On January 6th, I was at the residence of the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. William Piani on Dewey Blvd. only a few minutes away from the Ateneo compound. While I was there a number of Japanese trucks drove up to the Ateneo and Japanese officers ordered all Americans to mount the trucks and go to the University of Santo Tomas to register. When the Japanese had gathered all the American Jesuits at the front door, they wanted a list of their names. Suddenly, all fountain pens disappeared; among the ninety American Jesuits, there was only one pen. Someone in the meanwhile telephoned me at the residence of Archbishop Piani, and I returned at once. There was with this group of Japanese one man—later we found out he was a Protestant clergyman—who understood a bit of English, and who was acting as interpreter. He began to explain to me, "All sirs will go to Santo Tomas to register." I told him we could not go to Santo Tomas but that we would register here. Very politely he insisted, "Oh no, Sir, all sirs go to Santo Tomas and then return." One of the soldiers sensed that I was causing a delay and he gave me a push on the shoulder. I stood back a pace or two and by my scowl showed resentment at this insult. At that time I did not know that for a Japanese to put his hand on a person indicated complete disdain. We were dressed of course in the usual costume of long white cassocks. I pointed to my habit and I said, "We are not accustomed to this kind of treatment." The interpreter very soon got the point and thought that I knew also that this was a very personal insult and that I resented it. He said something to the soldier who disappeared into the rest of the group. The interpreter then called for the commanding officer of the group who

came and told him to tell me that I must come with all the others but we would return in a short while. I made a gesture from my shoulders down indicating the garb, and stated that we were accustomed to being treated differently. Therefore we would register at the Ateneo and not go to Santo Tomas. While the officer and the interpreter insisted that we go to Santo Tomas, I continued to demur. There was some consultation and then the interpreter said to me, "Headquarters say you must go." I answered that they should telephone headquarters and tell them that we could not go, that we should register at the Ateneo because we could not leave these premises. To my utter astonishment, they said that they would get in touch with headquarters.

Fabius cunctator

But meanwhile they would like to have a look at our campus. I conducted the group to the rear of the main building out on to the grounds where we had our four laboratories, all housed in separate one-story frame buildings built just for that purpose. Incidentally, these were considered the best equipped laboratories in the Philippines. They wanted to take a look inside, but I explained that I had no key. After we completed our tour, the interpreter asked me for a floor plan of the buildings. His English was so bad that it was difficult to understand at first what he wanted. But when he used gestures I understood his meaning. I decided however not to understand too quickly. Better, I thought, to follow the old Fabian delaying tactics. Eventually, I pretended to understand what he said and declared that we would have the floor plan made in a short while but it would not be ready for several days. Thereupon the Japanese made movements to depart and the interpreter announced that they would return on the following day at eight o'clock. I insisted that that was too early; nine o'clock was my counter offer. After shouting back and forth for some time, the Japanese interpreter became so angry, he jumped up and down. Then suddenly out of a blue sky, I said, "8:30," and to my utter amazement, he said, "O.K., 8:30." With that, they all left, and the trucks waiting to take us to Santo Tomas were sent away.

The following morning a group of Japanese officers appeared at our entrance. Rather surprisingly, there were six colonels. They were

accompanied by the interpreter and also by a young Japanese Catholic priest, named Fr. Ignacio Tsukamoto. He spoke no English and I, of course, knew no Japanese; however, we were able to communicate by means of Latin. Fr. Tsukamoto was quite nervous, even more nervous than I, because he had no rank whatsoever as far as I could make out. He was a member of the religious section of the propaganda corps which included a number of Catholic priests and a bishop whom I had met during the Eucharistic Congress in Manila in 1937; it also had some seminarians and some Protestant ministers. None of these held any Army rank. The religious section of the propaganda corps was commanded by a Col. Narusawa who proved to be a fine gentleman. I was very pleased to be able to talk with Fr. Ignacio even though we had to resort to Latin, because I was very suspicious of other interpreters. Fr. Ignacio was very well disposed to his fellow priests and I was anxious to give him some stature before these colonels. I let the Japanese officers see that we could get along faster in Latin than in the halting English of the other interpreter.

Rather to my surprise the colonels did not demand that we go to Santo Tomas to register but they did want to expel all of us from the Ateneo compound. I could very readily understand this. Not only did it contain the Manila Observatory but our compound had several large buildings; further, it was surrounded by a thick adobe wall about four feet thick and six to eight feet high. I stated through the Japanese priest that I could not give the Ateneo to them. "Why not? Are you not No. 1 and therefore in full charge?" I answered, "That is so, but I do not have the authority according to canon law to give up this building." The colonels asked where I could get the authority. I answered, "As you well know, it must come from Rome." At the word, *Roma*, the colonels all began to suck in their breaths to show respect. Later on, I learned that the more cubic feet of air that they drew in, the more respect they were manifesting. I could only spot one word and it was "*Hota Roma.*" Despite my assiduous inquiry later on, I could never find out the meaning of *Hota* and no doubt I misunderstood their pronunciation.

The colonels then wanted to know how I could get the authority. I answered, "in writing." Since there was no way of communicating

with Rome, the officers assumed a more aggressive tactic. "We can capture the building." I expressed surprise when the interpreter translated this to me and told them that I was chagrined that the officers used the word, "capture." Then to Fr. Ignacio I explained that Army officers are considered gentlemen and gentlemen never use the word "capture" to a civilian. To my great astonishment, the colonels all smiled and bowed and said that they did not wish to offend. They proposed then that I give them this compound, in exchange they would give me the campus of the University of the Philippines, which was right across the street from the Ateneo and covered several square blocks. I answered that they could not give me that campus because they did not own it. To their inquiry as to the ownership, I said that it belonged to the Philippine government. This answer seemed to please them, as it apparently gave them a way out. They immediately explained that since it had been the property of the Philippine government, it was now the property of the Japanese Army. I answered, "No, that is not quite true, because according to international law, any property of a government used for charitable, scientific, religious or educational purposes cannot be taken by an army except in case of military necessity." I was an expert in international law; I had read some chapters in a text book about two days previously. The discussion went back and forth for some time. The Japanese officers apparently could not understand why I refused to give up a campus worth about $1,000,000 in exchange for a property worth $14 or $15 million. However, I continued to insist that I needed authority from Rome in writing before I could give up the Ateneo campus.

At this point I began to realize that I was one against six. Stepping to the door, I told a priest passing in the corridor to bring in reinforcements. In a couple of minutes in came Fr. Miguel Selga, the Spanish Jesuit who was director of the Weather Bureau of our Observatory, together with four or five of our American Jesuit priests. When they entered, the colonels stood up and bowed very politely. While the Americans all stood there rather stiffly and somewhat mystified, Fr. Selga, true to his European training, made a very urbane bow; adding to his dignified look was his beard which helped considerably. The Japanese colonels had come to take over the buildings; they had not yet succeeded and of course

they did not like to leave without obtaining something. Luckily Fr. Selga, having been introduced as the Director of the Weather Bureau, offered a way out to the colonels. They wanted to know when they could see the Observatory. Fr. Ignacio translated this idea to Fr. Selga who immediately asked if they wished to come by day or by night. The colonels at once and very courteously protested that they wished to come only during daytime. Having gotten permission to visit the Observatory at any time they wished during the day, they felt that they had obtained something. At least this was my impression of what was going on in their minds. For they immediately paid respectful bows to us all and departed with their swords clanking at their sides. It was a fantastic interview. Nobody was more surprised than myself because I did not expect we were going to be able to hold on to the Ateneo. We did know however, that this was only the beginning and that we would have many such visitations later on. We certainly did, at least a hundred or so, on one pretext or another. But we always managed a toehold at least on the campus on Padre Faura Street.

Tension and danger

Life in the Philippine Islands under the Japanese occupation was tense and dangerous. This was early demonstrated to us on the Ateneo de Manila campus. As I have mentioned, a Red Cross hospital had been established in our main building. One of the American volunteer nurses had brought her *muchacha*, the common term for a servant girl, with her as a nurse's aid. Within a week of the Japanese occupation, one evening just as the sun had gone down this American woman came to see me in great excitement. One of the Japanese sentries had told her *muchacha* that he wished to take her that evening; the girl had become hysterical while she was trying to tell her employer. When the nurse pointed out the sentry, I made signs to him that the girl would not go with him. He became sulky and sullen, and he did not desist from his menacing mood. I told the *muchacha* to disappear while I kept arguing with the sentry; she got away successfully to the quarters where the women were domiciled.

Seeing that the sentry was not going to desist, I followed instructions that in case of any problem the Manila police should be

called. I phoned the police and in a very few minutes four or five policemen, armed only with small bamboo sticks, came to the Ateneo. They were very courteous and cooperative but explained they could not possibly do anything. They suggested that we call the Kempetai, the dreaded Japanese military police, who were the equivalent of the Nazi Gestapo or Russian N.K.V.D. We did so, and in a short time a detachment of about a dozen Kempetai arrived. Some of them obviously were officers, for they wore their swords; the others had rifles with fixed bayonets. The Manila policemen explained the situation to the officer in command. The officer in command then proceeded to interrogate me in Japanese and of course, we could not understand one another. They had brought along with them a Filipino interpreter who knew very little Japanese. So the interrogation took place in a mixture of Japanese, English, Spanish, and Tagalog.

Just when I thought we were making some progress towards restraining the sentry, the Japanese officer began to look at me quite scornfully. Suddenly without notice, he unleased a big wide haymaker. His very tight-fitting chamois glove made a quite solid fist. Although it was a sneak punch, he telegraphed it a little ahead, giving me time to tuck my chin inside my shoulder. The blow landed high on my temple, knocking off my glasses. I remonstrated with him in gestures with as much dignity as I could command under the circumstances. This seemed to mystify him a bit as he stood in front of me with his arms folded, muttering something in Japanese. After a minute or two of this scornful searching of my face, he turned around and walked away about six or eight paces. Suddenly he drew his two-handed sword and with a shout rushed at me with the naked blade. There was absolutely nothing I could do about the situation so I just stood there, made a quick act of contrition and wondered what the hereafter was going to look like. He brought the point of the sword to within three or four inches of my stomach. Meanwhile the other Kempetai ranged themselves in a semi-circle about me, leaving a way for me to escape. The other officers also drew their swords and the fixed bayonets were pointed at me. The officer who had threatened me, again withdrew, and again suddenly turned with a yell and rushed at me, waving his sword in both hands in exactly the same fashion. (Later

the suggestion was made that the Kempetai had acted in such a fashion that if I had broken and run, they could have killed me for attempted escape.) I stood motionless; and my antagonist suddenly sheathed his sword, folded his arms, glared at me, and shouted in Japanese. He then summoned the interpreter, who took his place between us, facing the Japanese officer with his back directly to me. The interpreter would talk to the officer, then immediately make an about face, with his back to the officer, and explain what the Japanese had said. As I mentioned, the Japanese of this interpreter seemed to be very meager and he had great difficulty. One of the Manila policemen who was very sympathetic and very cooperative stepped in to help with his Tagalog. While all this was taking place down in the patio just inside the main door, several American fathers and many others were witnessing it from the second floor window just outside the domestic chapel. One of them rushed to telephone the Japanese colonel in charge of the religious section. How he ever got in touch with him, I could never possibly figure out. While the fracas was going on, a telephone call came to my office for the Kempetai officer in charge of the detachment. While the officer was on the phone, I, together with a Filipino scholastic, Horatio de la Costa, was ordered to sit on a bench just outside the office. One of the Japanese officers began prancing up and down before us with a bared sword, practicing strokes for cutting off heads. We were not amused.

After he had finished a rather long phone call, the officer summoned me, the interpreter, and the very helpful Manila policeman. After a few minutes, the policeman, completely amazed, said to me that the officer seemed to be saying that he wished to forget the incident. So amazed was the Filipino that he cautioned that he was not absolutely certain and so he would try to learn more. After again discussing the matter with the Japanese military policemen, he turned to me and, registering great pleasure and complete amazement, asked was I willing to shake hands and forget the whole unpleasant episode. Was I willing to shake hands? At that moment I would have agreed to embrace the Japanese Kempetai officer. At this point, Col. Narusawa with two or three of his men from the religious section arrived on the scene and conferred with the Kempetai commander. The colonel further phoned the com-

manding officer of the area and apparently some other officials. At any rate the upshot was that the Kempetai officer and I again shook hands and the Kempetai detachment departed. Before they left, I wanted to make sure that the offending sentry would be ordered to stay outside the main gate of the Ateneo compound. The officers, however, wanted him left inside; they pointed to a bench, and explained that the sentries needed it for sleep. I persisted and finally we settled for moving the bench outside the gate. The doors were finally closed, with all the sentries outside the compound.

Pleasant and courteous

A day or two following this incident Col. Narusawa with several others of his staff called on me. After we entered my office, the colonel very politely put his sword on the desk and removed his cap. Later we learned that when a Japanese puts his sword on your desk and removes his cap, he is coming as a friend. If, however, he keeps his headgear on and his cutlery attached to him, you must watch out in the clinches—he is not there as a friend. With the colonel was Fr. Ignacio to interpret. The colonel stated that the purpose of the Catholic Church was "peace in expanding world." He claimed also that the purpose of the magnanimous Japanese army was "peace in expanding world"; therefore the Catholic Church and the Japanese army should collaborate. I recall the exact phrase of the colonel, "Peace in expanding world," for he used the English words. I must say that Col. Narusawa was always very pleasant, very courteous, and not at all belligerent. In every sense he was a gentleman and was treating me as if I were perfectly free to bargain. I took advantage of this favorable atmosphere to explain to him that despite the aim of the Japanese to promote "peace in expanding world," they were not pursuing that objective in a very practical way in Manila. I called his attention to the way Japanese were treating the Americans whom they were interning in the University of the Philippines right across the way from us, where they were forced to sleep on the bare terrazzo floor. In answer to a request from these Americans, I had sent over scholastics with food and blankets. Our scholastics, after several deliveries, had been ejected rudely. The colonel made a note of this. Next I called attention to the way that Japanese soldiers had burst in on the

Convent of the Filipina Sisters of the Beaterio. The Superior General, Mother Andrea, had told me of the rough treatment which her sisters had received at the hands of the Japanese soldiers who came there to demand collaboration. They had ordered the sisters to remove their headdresses because they did not like them. The soldiers (Mother Andrea did not think there were any officers among them), were very abusive to the nuns. While I was giving the colonel these and other examples of the way the Japanese army was intimidating the people, I asked him how he could expect people to collaborate when they were thus being mistreated. He noted all the incidents down.

During this discussion with the colonel, the telephone on my desk rang. On the other end was Sr. Georgia, a Maryknoll sister on the staff of St. Paul's Hospital in Intramuros. This hospital had been transferred at the request of the American Army to the Philippine Women's University on Taft Avenue where they had nursed, among others, the casualties from Clark Field and Nichols Field before the wounded soldiers had been transferred to Australia. Sr. Georgia was highly excited, for Japanese soldiers had just burst into the hospital. She had called on me to get help. While I was trying to get some details, the connection was suddenly broken off. I turned to Col. Narusawa, and told him the tale. Quite excited and very upset, he left at once. I sent a scholastic with him (as a guide) and I learned later what had transpired. On arrival at the Philippine Women's University, the colonel and the scholastic found that all the sisters, nurses and the entire hospital staff were lined up along the walls of the lobby of the building. At the entrance a Japanese soldier was lying prone in back of a machine gun trained on the women, with his finger on the trigger and he was backed up by soldiers with drawn pistols and fixed bayonets. Sr. Isabel and another Maryknoll nun had been taken upstairs at pistol point to search for American soldiers who, of course, had already been evacuated.

The incident had developed because of a misunderstanding. Some of the Filipina nurses were going off duty at five o'clock and, as was their custom, they were leaving immediately so as to arrive home before dark. At the door, they were stopped by a handful of Japanese soldiers who had suddenly appeared. The nurses very

naïvely told the Japanese they were going out because "Sister said we may go home." As they tried to brush by, the soldiers grabbed them and pushed them back into the lobby. One of the Japanese panicked and blew his emergency whistle. It was easy to understand the reaction of the Japanese because they were in constant fear of an uprising. At the sound of the emergency whistle, Japanese Army headquarters was notified at once and immediately dispatched units of the military police to the temporary hospital. The soldiers rushed into the hospital and at bayonet point herded all the staff down to the lobby. While the sisters and the hospital personnel were lined up in the main lobby, Sr. Georgia happened to be near a room inside which there was a telephone and she managed to make the call to me. During the conversation, a Japanese soldier discovered her telephoning, thrust her back into the lobby, and at the same time pulled the phone out of the wall.

Col. Narusawa managed to reassure the military but it took some doing. Around eight o'clock he arrived back in my office. The poor man looked very weary and was sweating profusely. He explained that everything was now settled, that the cordon which had immediately surrounded the hospital had been withdrawn, and that he had explained to the satisfaction of the military authorities the way the matter had begun. The colonel said no more about collaboration; the subject had been forgotten, very much to my relief. I asked him for some sort of written guarantee against invasion such as the Maryknoll sisters had just experienced. He wrote out a sign in Japanese, then fished in his vest pocket and brought out a small pouch with an ink pad and a rubber stamp which proved to be his personal seal and which he applied to the sign. This he thought would guarantee us against a similar invasion.

Despite Col. Narusawa's note with his personal seal on it, we were continually bothered by inspecting Japanese of all sorts of organizations. To meet this problem, I stationed Bro. John Dio, a charming Filipino colleague, in the lobby with a desk and a chair. His chief and only duty was to remain there and act as a catalytic agent by his mere presence. He would observe everybody and anybody who came into the building. The iron gate to our building was fifty-five feet in front of the building itself. Whenever a Japanese contingent would appear at this gate and head for our door,

Bro. Dio would simply turn to the telephone operator also located in the lobby and announce, "Smith Brothers." Immediately she would ring the signal on all the telephones located throughout the building. This signal meant that the Americans should keep out of sight as much as possible and that the interceptors on every floor should go into action. The interceptors were bands of two or three Filipino scholastics. Their function was merely to interrupt the Japanese wherever they happened to find them, because sometimes they would get up to the second floor before the interceptors were able to locate them, lead them around a bit and as quickly and as conveniently as possible, conduct them to the front door and with profuse and profound bows bid them adieu. This strategy of Brother Dio constantly on station as forward observer, his warning of "Smith Brothers," the immediate telephone signals to alert the interceptors, worked with remarkable success.

The term, "Smith Brothers," mystified some. It was the ordinary code signal adopted by the Americans and the Filipinos to warn of the appearance of Japanese. Obviously, "Smith Brothers" is euphemistic. Its meaning, of course, was quite soon clear to most; if not immediately evident to some, the meaning dawned once its abbreviation was used. In Washington, S.O.B. stands for Senate Office Building, in medicine, S.O.B. means shortness of breath; in an occupied country, where one must constantly have recourse to his wits, the meaning is not the same as in Washington or medicine. We had been using "Smith Brothers" for several weeks, when an American Father came into my room and asked me with a chuckle, did I know what "Smith Brothers" meant? "Yes," said I, "it means the Japanese are on the horizon." "No," he said, "I mean: do you know what its derivation is?" "Yes," I answered, "that is quite apparent." He laughed uproariously, because despite the fact that he had been using it for weeks and wondered why "Smith Brothers" had been selected as a code, the meaning had only dawned on him, or had been explained to him. The humor of it kept him in fine fettle for at least two or three days. Every time he mentioned it or saw me he would enjoy a good laugh.

In Santo Tomas concentration camp, the use of the euphemism, "Tally-ho," was common at that time. Almost everybody was familiar with the story of the American who while out riding with the

hounds and spotting the fox announced it in American lingo that shocked the Britishers. His British sponsor suggested that in giving vent to his enthusiasm in spotting the fox, he would use the less uncouth British expression, "Tally-ho."

Besides the circumlocution "Smith Brothers," the irrepressible Filipinos developed a whole dictionary of hidden meanings for common phrases. To the Filipinos, DOMEI, the Japanese news agency, stood for Department of Military Erroneous Information. The buses in Manila, which soon—due to the shortage of gasoline—turned to the use of coconut-shell burning for fuel, were named by the Japanese by a phrase new to the Filipinos: City Bus. This soon was interpreted: Come Immediately, Try Your Best, Uncle Sam. Since Leghorn chickens are white, soon the term Leghorn was used to designate an American. Gen. MacArthur was commonly known as Macario. When our forces on the way back from Australia took the Solomon Islands, we received a number of telephone calls which included information about the family pet, the good news that "Our cat (or our dog) Macario is eating salmon for dinner."

An observer

The plan of an observer in the front lobby behind a desk which had nothing on it or in it I learned from the Japanese themselves. Whenever they took over a place, they sat one of their trusted men at a bare desk; all he had to do apparently was to observe. As a policeman on his beat, his mere presence prevented many a problem before the problem ever got started. It will never be known how much the presence of Bro. Dio at the door did to save us from a lot of unnecessary bother by the enemy. I was under pressure from many of our colleagues to use Bro. Dio for many essential jobs, but in my estimation his station at the door was much more important. And I know of nobody who could have carried it off with the same eclat as did the brother. He was graciousness itself. He was always pleasant, met everybody with a charming smile, knew practically everybody who came in and out and everything that happened in and about the lobby. Bro. Dio was a most welcome sight to the many people who came to our chapel throughout the day for confession, daily Mass and daily benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Sr. Isabel of Maryknoll suggested that we equip him with a hat

with a long feather in it so that Bro. Dio could sweep it in a grand semi-circle and bow. "One could not imagine," said she, "a more gracious, graceful and courtly attendant to any king." The strategy was not only highly successful but also at times contributed a great deal of amusement. After long years as dean of discipline at the Ateneo, I knew that the young Filipino had a keen sense of humor, is quite fearless, and seemingly always ready for a bit of interesting adventure albeit it carried calculated risk and trouble. The young Filipino scholastic is no exception. The sight of Bro. Dio manning his station cheered all of us up.

When the Japanese inspected the Ateneo, invariably they wanted to see "Fadder Harry John." With the Japanese inability to pronounce the letter *l*, this was about the closest they could come to the pronunciation of my name. Obviously I was not at all desirous of seeing them. The room next to my office I had fitted up with a bed. As soon as the alarm "Smith Brothers" was sounded, I retreated into the room, shed my cassock and shoes, and climbed into bed. Beside the bed, I kept a table equipped with a glass of water, a spoon, a towel and a tube of Baume-Bengue (now known as Ben-Gay) which had a very strong menthol odor. My forehead I would smear with the Ben-Gay, cover my face with the towel, and wait.

When the Japanese would insist on seeing me, the interceptors would conduct them to my door. I would not answer to the knocking; frequently the Japanese would then go away. But several times they entered the room. The sight of my prostrate form and the smell of the ointment always made them hesitate. Under my towel, I would hear the forward steps halt, reverse themselves, and then the quiet closing of my door.

The scholastics told me that the procedure thereafter was almost invariable. The Japanese would ask the nature of my sickness. When the scholastics answered they did not know, the Japanese, with their mortal fear of germs, would immediately whip out their handkerchiefs, cover their nostrils, and head at once for the open air. This defense worked perfectly. In spite of very many inspections, probably over a hundred, the Japanese never penetrated this cover.

IV) The Japanese Demand Collaboration

WITH THE JAPANESE in control of the Philippines, they demanded Filipino collaboration with the Empire of the Rising Sun. The conquerors spoke often of a New Order in a Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Juan de la Cruz, the Filipino man in the street, soon had an answer to that. In the Tagalog language the particle "ko" added to a word indicates possession—that is, "mine" or "our." Juan soon declared that when the Japanese spoke of co-prosperity, they really meant prosperity-ko.

During the occupation the Philippines had to have a civil government and it had to be staffed by Filipinos. Some of the men who took office were truly collaborators, seeking their own private advantage. But the great majority were patriots who reluctantly undertook the unwelcome task in order to serve their own people. Indeed even before he left Manila, Pres. Quezon had instructed some of his closest associates, among them Jose Laurel and Jorge Vargas, to deal with the Japanese.

It was understandable that the Japanese would seek the collaboration of the Church to which the great majority of the Filipinos belonged. I have described the first approach to me of the head of the religious section, Col. Narusawa, and the incident which interrupted the discussion. I knew the matter had not been dropped permanently. I would hear more of "peace in expanding world."

A few days later, Col. Narusawa returned again to get some kind of declaration of collaboration from me. I countered by saying that we were still being molested by the frequent, unnecessary and uncalled for visitation by the Japanese authorities. I told him that his note posted at our door had no effect whatsoever on these people. This left him a little nonplussed because he could readily understand the logic of unwillingness to collaborate while we were being subjected to these molestations.

Soon thereafter, I was summoned to the residence of the Archbishop of Manila, Michael J. O'Dougherty, who as a citizen of the Republic of Ireland was neutral. It eventuated that all religious superiors in the area had been called in by the Archbishop to discuss the question of collaboration with the invading forces. The

Japanese had approached the Archbishop and wanted him to issue a declaration to be read from all the pulpits of the Manila churches telling the people to collaborate with the invading forces. The Archbishop asked me to see him in advance of the meeting to discuss the question. On taking over the matter with the Archbishop, I expressed my opinion that our moral obligation was to do nothing that would interfere with the public peace and order, just as the Mayor of Manila and his police and fire departments were obligated to carry on their duties to the best of their ability. But as far as actively assisting the Japanese in their attempt to control the country, I, as an American, could have no part. I told the Archbishop that I could see no moral obligation either on Americans or Filipinos, beyond the one that I had explained.

Eventually the Archbishop and I moved into the large room where the religious superiors, nearly all of whom were Spanish, were gathered. A delegation of Japanese officials arrived about 9:30 in the morning, though quite stiff and formal, they were also quite courteous and very evidently bent on gaining our good will and collaboration. They announced to the priests present that if the Archbishop would authorize a statement from all the pulpits, insisting and exhorting the people to collaborate with the Japanese, they in turn would give very special protection to the Church everywhere in the Philippine Islands. The Archbishop practically turned over the confrontation to me. When the interpreter finished a statement or question, Archbishop O'Dougherty tossed the ball over to me at once. I countered the proposal by explaining to the Japanese that in the Philippines there was absolute separation of Church and state. The Church never attempted to interfere in purely political matters and conversely the government maintained a hands off policy towards all religious organizations. This was the American system and it had been adopted by the Philippine government in their constitution. The Philippine people accepted this policy of separation of Church and state without demur. If you attempt, I told the Japanese officers, to have the Church use its moral persuasion to obtain the collaboration of the Filipino people, you are choosing the worst possible means. The people will say to themselves very quietly that this is no business of the Church. We are accustomed to separation of Church and state. The Church

should remain in its own sphere, the government should attend to its own business and not interfere in religious matters. Therefore, I went on, if you want your attempt at collaboration certainly to fail, then you are using the best possible means to make it fail. The Archbishop, I said, should not, could not do as they requested. I insisted that they did not appreciate the psychology of the Filipino people. For the Archbishop or any of the Church prelates to try to ram collaboration down Filipino throats, would only stiffen Filipino backs. Further, I continued, their continued molestation of all the different religious groups by the frequent Japanese raids without warning and without any necessity, were having a very bad effect. Getting the people to collaborate, I told the Japanese officers, was their problem. Our duties as religious leaders were to give the sacraments to the people and assist them in every possible way in their worship of Almighty God. We must not and cannot, I concluded, interfere in any of the problems of the Japanese Army or the Japanese government.

This extended reply seemed to worry and disturb some of the religious superiors and they looked at the Archbishop with dubious glances. I caught these glances and the Archbishop turned to me and asked my reaction. I held to the point and said that we had nothing to lose but that, if such a proclamation of collaboration were made by the ecclesiastical authorities, we would set back the Church many years, because the people did not relish the occupation by the Japanese and they were rebelling internally.

Dignidad

One thing to which the Filipinos objected especially was the slap in the face they got from the Japanese for any slight transgression. The Japanese did not recognize the great importance which the Filipinos put on *dignidad.* The Spanish had planted deeply in the Filipino mind the idea of the dignity of the human person. To the Japanese, a slap in the face was the slightest punishment that they could mete out. Actually many times during the occupation, I saw higher officers slap commissioned officers of lesser rank. Sometimes they would take off a glove and slap them on the cheek with the glove; at other times, they would use the palm of the hand. A poor soldier who offended an officer would be punched with haymakers

right and left. The Japanese could not fathom the idea that a slap in the face was an outrageous affront to a Filipino's personal dignity. It appeared to me that they simply had no idea of the dignity of the human person. The Japanese had a very excellent slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics." This slogan however, did not fool the Filipinos because they understood that the Japanese did not have Philippine welfare at heart. The Japanese were often mystified by this reaction. At times, one would put his hand alongside the hand of a Filipino and say to him, "You see, same color, why not collaborate with us instead of with Americans, the *blancos* [the whites]?"

But to resume the description of the episode in the Archbishop's palace. The officials had brought along with them large placards printed in Japanese. These placards eighteen inches or so by about twenty-four inches were translated for us. When they were displayed prominently on religious institutions, they would protect the institutions against any molestation by the Japanese. They explained that these placards were signed by the Kempetai, and no Japanese would dare flout the order of the Kempetai. The Japanese would give us these, the officers said, if the Archbishop would issue an order for collaboration to be read from all the church pulpits. Obviously some of the Spanish superiors thought this was a very tempting trade. The Archbishop looked at me with a big question mark in his glance.

I insisted that we must stand by the principle as enunciated, namely that the Church could have no part in collaboration with the occupying forces. Although we were morally bound to do nothing to foment disorder or disturb the peace in any way, nevertheless we were not bound to give aid or comfort to the occupying forces. I insisted that international law makes it perfectly clear that even though the United States Army was not physically present at the moment in the Islands, the United States was still the sovereign power. No sovereignty could pass until at the end of hostilities the peace treaty had been signed. I was really an expert on international law; as I mentioned before, I had read, I recall, a few paragraphs from a text book. Interestingly enough, the Japanese were impressed by this logic. They saw that the bait of the placards was having no effect on our stand on the principle of separation of Church and state which we had enunciated right at the begin-

ning of the meeting.

I suggested to Archbishop O'Dougherty that he should accept the placards and thank the Japanese for them, while making it clear that under no condition whatsoever was there any possibility of the Catholic Church collaborating with the occupying forces or even giving the slightest appearance of doing so. In my own mind, I was quite certain that the Japanese would leave with the placards. To my great surprise, however, and to the surprise of all, they passed over the placards to us and assured us they were not being given on any basis of quid pro quo. I suggested that they give several to all superiors present because the priests there represented a number of institutions in different parts of the city and of the islands. They did not have enough, no more than two or three, as I recall now, for every major superior. They did, however, promise to have more printed and delivered and took the numbers required from the different superiors present. Later they fulfilled their promise. For the time being, they departed realizing they had not achieved their aim.

It is interesting to note the effect these placards had when we posted them on our different churches and schools and institutions. Recall that they were signed by the Kempetai, the dreaded Japanese military police. Of course, the placards had no effect whatsoever on the Filipinos who daily streamed into our chapel at the Ateneo de Manila for Mass, just as before. The marvelous thing is that often a small detachment of Nipponese soldiers or sailors or even some Japanese civilian unit would come to the door, read that sign in Japanese, manifest fright and go away immediately. Actually the ordinary Japanese military men were in fear and terror of the Kempetai; this applied even to the regular Army whom the Kempetai outranked. We could never spot the particular insignia that the Kempetai wore. We did, however, notice that the military police did normally wear white sport shirts, and we noticed that these men in their sport shirts wielded far more authority than the Army officers. An Army officer did exactly as one of these men told him.

This is not to say that we at the Ateneo campus were not inspected time and time and time again. A car would suddenly draw up to the door and in would pop two or three officers to make a

quick inspection of the building. Of course, as soon as they appeared, Bro. Dio would turn to the telephone operator and say, "Smith Brothers" and the interceptors would get to work. These inspections were not the only measures to keep us apprehensive. A routine measure of the psychological warfare of the Japanese was to send a few tanks rumbling and making as much noise as possible through the streets at about two or three o'clock in the morning. Also racing through the streets at weird hours would be motorcycles. Inside the Ateneo we could hear motorcycles coming up to our front door, and the engines shut off. We would wait in dread and expectation for an invasion. After a few minutes, the riders of the motorcycles would start up their engines and take off. The evident purpose of this maneuver was merely to terrify people. Whenever the Japanese decided to pick up anybody with or without suspicion, they would usually do it in the small hours of the morning. They would send a delegation with tanks or possibly two or three squads of infantry, always carrying fixed bayonets. They would force their way into a house or compound and while the soldiers would hold everybody at bay with menacing bayonets, they would pick out the man they were seeking, tie his hands with rope and push him out the door. Whereupon he vanished. Even on regular patrols throughout the city always with fixed bayonets, the Japanese guards, whenever they passed a clump of bushes would thrust the bayonets in to make sure nobody was hiding them. I know; on several occasions they missed me, it seemed, by inches.

Reopening the schools

Soon after the Japanese occupation of Manila, the question of reopening the schools arose. The Japanese, of course, wanted conditions to return to some semblance of normality as soon as possible. A good many Filipinos and Americans, of whom I was one, were opposed. In the civil government set up under the occupying power, one of the most famous of the Ateneo de Manila graduates, the late Claro Recto had assumed the office of Secretary of Education. Sen. Recto got the word to me that he intended to delay as much as possible in reopening the public schools, and he did. By one ruse or another, he dragged his feet and kept dragging them.

I believed that it was not my function, as an American or as a

religious superior, to assist the Japanese in restoring normal conditions. Of course, there was no possibility of re-opening the Ateneo de Naga or the Ateneo de Cagayan. But the Ateneo de Manila could be opened, together with a large number of schools in the city conducted by both male and female religious. Practically all of these schools had to depend for their support on tuition fees and consequently their pupils were largely children of the middle and upper classes.

I had discussed the matter with the religious superiors, both brothers and sisters, in Manila. There was general agreement that the private Catholic schools should remain closed. The matter was discussed at a meeting of the board of directors of the National Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines in Manila. The directors decided to recommend that the Catholic schools should not re-open.

This decision, however, did not sit well with the Archbishop of Manila, and he decided to overrule it. Though he had no direct connection or immediate jurisdiction over the National Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines, whose functions were primarily professional and technical, he ordered the president of the N.C.E.A.P. to assemble in Manila a general meeting of as many members as possible. The president at the time was Bro. Bonaventure John, F.S.C., of La Salle College, an American and a supporter of the policy to keep the schools closed. Bro. John could do nothing but obey the prelate's command.

The day before the meeting took place, I was astounded to see Archbishop O'Dougherty walk into my office. He insisted that the schools should be re-opened, if only to get the children off the street and to provide the religious with some means of support. He asked me to use my influence as a founder of the N.C.E.A.P. to see that the organization decided on re-opening. I informed the Archbishop that I was not an officer of the association, that I could not properly and I would not intervene, and that the members should be allowed to make their own decisions without the intervention of outside authority. Indeed, if the meeting was not to be allowed to reach its decisions in a regular fashion but was called simply to ratify a policy decided by an extraneous authority, I would not, I said, want to see the Jesuit members of the N.C.E.A.P. attend. I pointed out

that a decision to re-open would confuse the Filipino people and would expose the religious teachers, at least the Americans among them, to charges of collaboration. On an agreement to disagree, the Archbishop left my office.

I passed the word to the Jesuit members of the N.C.E.A.P. not to attend the meeting. It was well that they did not. Early comers were astounded to see Archbishop O'Dougherty present a full half-hour before the scheduled time of the meeting. This was unique, for the prelate had an invariable habit of appearing late at all functions; he was commonly known as "the late Archbishop." Not only did he, (quite improperly for he was not a member), attend the meeting, but even more improperly he assumed the chair of the president of the association. He then addressed the members, called for a resolution to re-open the schools, tolerated no discussion, and rammed through his policy.

While we at the Ateneo de Manila ignored the directive, the other Catholic schools reopened, and to their sorrow. For the Japanese soon supervised them in a fashion that was stifling. A Japanese official would appear at a school, demand that classes be disrupted for a general assembly, and then through an interpreter deliver to the students a harangue on the evil, imperialistic Americans who wanted to keep the Filipinos in bondage, etc., etc. All text books were censored. The Nipponese ordered that all words in the books, every possible phrase that could remind the Filipinos of Americans, should be blotted out—"United States," "dollar," "cent," and so forth. Blank pieces of paper had to be pasted over these horrible reminders, with consequences readily imaginable. Then came the orders that other words were to be hidden from the eyes of Filipino children—"God," "Jesus Christ," "Catholic," "sacraments," etc., etc. It was easy to imagine the reaction to this order of religious sisters and brothers. When the conquerors announced the coming of a team of inspectors to check on the execution of their orders, the religious with heavy hearts pasted over the condemned words. But the students, particularly the children in the lower grades, soon made a farce of the Japanese orders; with careful fingernails, they diligently and delightedly removed the offending pieces of blank paper. We at the Ateneo never had cause to regret our decision to remain closed.

If the Japanese could not get the collaboration of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, they wanted at least to create the public impression that the Church was collaborating. To this end on one occasion they planned an obvious propaganda coup. They used a Japanese holiday, I believe it was the birthday of the Emperor, to schedule a banquet for the top echelon of the Japanese military in Manila and the top echelon of the Catholic Church. I was among the major religious superiors in the Manila area honored by an invitation. Since I was the only major superior who was also an American, the Japanese were especially anxious to have me present; this was made clear by several phone calls. When the time for the banquet came, I had the message sent to the Japanese that I could not attend; I was indisposed.

Very early the following morning, miraculously cured, I was in my office, looking at the front page of the Manila newspapers, which carried pictures of the archbishop and the Spanish major superiors seated at dinner with high Japanese officers and the accompanying stories giving glowing descriptions of the festive occasion, when I was interrupted by visitors. Though it was only the crack of dawn, the visitors were Japanese officials. They subtly insinuated their opinion that my absence from the banquet was due to "diplomatic illness" and expressed the hope that at the time of the next festive occasion I would not find myself suddenly indisposed. Fortunately for me there was no second such banquet. How I could have dodged out of a second, I frankly do not know. But the principle of *Deus providebit* on which we depended all during the war served us well.

V) Survival Under the Occupation

BEFORE THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION of Manila, I had concentrated practically all the Jesuits on the Ateneo de Manila campus on Padre Faura Street. When the communities of Novaliches and San Jose had moved into the Ateneo, they had brought little with them. Fortunately, in anticipation of difficulties due to the war in Europe, the rector and the minister of the Ateneo (Fr. F. X. Reardon and Fr. Anthony V. Keane) had laid in a plentiful supply of canned goods. At first, these cases of food were placed in the storeroom

at the Ateneo. It did not seem good to me to have so much food stacked in one large room, in one spot. At any moment, the Japanese could swoop in and rid us of all of it. I decided to store the supplies in individual rooms. This did away with a single supply center and scattered the food all through the house. Each man kept an inventory of what was in his room and, when the cooks required it, would produce what was necessary. At this time I do not recollect exactly how many cases of food were in any particular room, but there might have been three or four cases in each man's room. This proved to be a good maneuver because the Japanese would come only to find that the storeroom was very, very meagerly supplied. The new cases that were kept there as camouflage were not enough to tempt them to bother trucking them away.

A plan of rationing had to be drawn up, and I left it to the consultors of the various houses to study the inventory of food and prepare such a plan. In that January of 1942 everybody seemed to be hopeful that they would be liberated by May. They were optimistic because of the information that was coming over the radio from San Francisco. By a sparing ration plan, we could stretch the food to, and possibly through, the month of May. But I recall very distinctly that several of the fathers were quite doubtful that we would be freed by May. One of them said he postulated two rainy seasons. How right he was!

As the first months of the war went by, it was clear that we could not look for liberation for some time in the future. It seemed only proper then to continue the work of the Jesuit scholasticate and San Jose Seminary at the Ateneo. The students were there, and their professors. With the blessing of the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Piani, and of Archbishop of Manila O'Dougherty, in April 1942 classes were resumed. Normally the scholastics for their theological studies would go to Woodstock College in Maryland after they had completed three years of regency. But now those scholastics who were scheduled for regency and those who were due to enter theological studies joined the classes in theology of the Josefinos, and the philosophy courses of both Novaliches and San Jose Seminary were resumed. These classes continued at the Ateneo de Manila until in July, 1943, the Japanese expelled most of the Jesuits from the Padre Faura campus.

At the Ateneo campus, too, the training of the novices and juniors continued. A most heartening indication of the spirit of the Filipino people, their strong Catholic faith, and their devotion to their American friends was that in those dark days numbers of young men came to me asking to be admitted as Jesuit novices. Though times were exceedingly difficult, and I was stretched to the utmost to feed the numbers we already had, I could not refuse. About a dozen youngsters moved in with us at the Ateneo and put on the cassocks of novice scholastics.

Besides their work in the Ateneo de Manila chapel and the classrooms, the Filipino fathers assisted as best they could in the city of Manila, as did the Filipino scholastics. At first it seemed advisable to keep the American Jesuits out of sight as much as possible. They might run into difficulties with the Japanese sentries on station at the entrance to the Ateneo compound, or with Japanese patrols in the city. Eventually, as with the internees at Santo Tomas, we were given colored armbands which permitted white men to go about Manila. The color of the armband indicated the nationality of the wearer. At the Ateneo, we received only a very small number. Consequently only a few American Jesuits were able to leave the compound at any one time. On one occasion when I was haled into the dreaded headquarters of the Kempetai at Fort Santiago for interrogation, one of the points raised was the British armband I was wearing. Fortunately my explanation that all the American armbands were in use when I sought one, and that I had put on the British armband as a substitute, seemed logical to my Japanese questioner, and had no bad repercussions. Of course, if a pressing emergency arose, our American padres would venture out into the streets without armbands. Calculated risks, at times, had to be taken.

As the months went by a problem emerged which was to plague us all through the war—food. Though the Ateneo de Manila had at first large supplies of food, these quickly vanished before unexpected demands. For in the Ateneo compound we had at first guests almost equal in number to the 160 Jesuits located there. They were welcome guests and we gladly shared our food with them. Not only was this in the tradition of Jesuit hospitality, but simple Christian charity obliged us to feed the hungry.

One drain on the supplies was stopped up after about three months. Until March, 1942, we provided food for the staff and patients of the Red Cross hospital in our main building. Thereafter the Philippine branch of the Red Cross took over the job until, with the discharge of the last patient, the hospital closed down.

Two other groups, however, remained with us until July 1943. About seventy American civilians were refugees in the compound when the Japanese moved in. While some of the younger men were transferred by the conquerors to Santo Tomas, thirty-nine of them, women, children and older men, were still with us when we were ejected from the Padre Faura campus. And about two dozen brothers and priests of other religious orders had taken up quarters with us. The largest group was a dozen Canadian and American priests of the Holy Cross Order who, on their way to take up mission stations in India, were trapped in Manila by the outbreak of the war. And we enjoyed the company also of a half dozen Australian Redemptorists, three or four Brothers of the Christian Schools, a couple of La Salette Fathers, and an Oblate and a Maryknoll priest.

With the end of our food reserves in May, 1942, our diet was reduced chiefly to cracked wheat. The wheat we had was old and full of weevils. For a time we tried to remove the weevils before cooking the wheat, but this proved to be an impossible task. Thereupon the wheat was cooked, weevils and all. In the beginning, most of the diners were squeamish and they tried to removed the weevils from their portion of cooked wheat. But eventually they gave up and pulped down the porridge, weevils and all. Some cheered themselves by proclaiming that weevils must be a source of protein—and everybody knows protein is good for you. Occasionally we were able to provide meat for dinner. It was not in itself tempting, for it was either horse meat or caribao meat. But hunger provided a sauce that made it palatable.

I could see the effects of the diet on our young scholastics, and I wondered if they could possibly study on about 800 calories a day. But whenever I proposed calling off classes as too great a strain on starving young bodies, the reaction of the faculty and students was invariably: "Let's try it a bit longer." They kept at their books until the Americans among them were hauled off to concentration camps. How much weight they lost I could not estimate. Before the end

of the war, I myself went from 208 pounds to 115—not very much for a rather broad frame, five feet ten inches high.

Nor could we at the Ateneo be concerned only with feeding ourselves. If our profession to be followers of Christ meant anything, we had to follow His example of feeding the poor and the starving. They were present in Manila by the thousands. We did what we could. I assigned several of our priests to supply as best they could the sisters and the children in a number of orphanages. And increasingly as the war went on and food became more expensive, I met a constant stream of visitors asking for a *limosna*, an alms.

The mere fact that Filipinos would ask for assistance indicated to me how desperate their situation had become. For in my long years in the islands I had gained some insight into Filipino culture. A Filipino will not hesitate to ask even a distant cousin for aid. In their family culture, this is expected and the relative simply cannot, without great loss of face, refuse. But no Filipino, save of the lowest class, will ever approach a stranger for assistance. It simply is not done, for it would be a terrible blow to the Filipino psyche, a humiliating loss of *dignidad*. That obviously educated Filipinos approached me, whom they did not know, and asked for aid showed the terrible conditions in which they lived.

To get food for ourselves and others we had to go to the black market. For of course a black market quickly appeared, and one could buy anything he wanted—for a price. I recall that in May, 1942, when the war had been on only a few months, we sent to the orphanage run by the American Good Shepherd nuns 125 dozen fresh eggs. This was something of a coup, for fresh eggs were already almost unattainable. But it was also a coup for the black marketeer; he charged the equivalent of twenty cents American for each egg. Yet his bill was modest compared to later prices. A year later I learned that Americans confined to Bilibid Prison in Manila were suffering from malaria and were without medication. I managed to smuggle in a bottle of 500 quinine tablets, which cost 300 pesos, thirty cents American for each tablet. In August, 1943, I had smuggled into the prisoners at Fort Santiago 600 multiple vitamin tablets. These tablets cost 3,000 pesos—two dollars American for each pill.

Our purchasing agent on the black market was an unforgettable

man, Walter Bud. A veteran of the German Army in World War I, he had become a soldier of fortune. Converted in Rome (he was Jewish by birth), he had come to Manila before the war with letters of recommendation from our fathers in Italy, and as major-domo at the Ateneo de Manila supervised the food services there. With his experiences in war and revolutions all over the globe, he knew how to operate in wartime Manila. I gave him *carta blanca*, for I had absolute confidence in his integrity and reliability. When it appeared that supplies of food in Manila were absolutely exhausted, he would go out and return with quantities—not enough, of course, but without Walter Bud and our chemist, Fr. Gisel, we would have starved.

Our expenditures during the long months of occupation continually spiraled upward. We needed large quantities of money. After a period of time, in an attempt to establish normal conditions, the Japanese opened what they called the Bank of Taiwan, which took over all the assets of the Philippine Trust Company, the Bank of the Philippine Islands, and other banks. At the time, the Ateneo de Manila had a considerable amount of money in the bank, the tuition payments for the second semester. When we attempted to withdraw some of these funds, the bank officials who were Filipinos and very well disposed to the Jesuits, told us that we could not withdraw the funds because of Japanese regulations which forbade "enemy aliens" to take money out of the bank. One of the officials of the bank came to my office to explain to me how sorry he was that it could not be done. My response was that we were not "enemy aliens." To the bank officer, very gracious and cooperative, I explained we could not be considered aliens for the very simple reason that the sovereignty of the country could not change during the war. It could not be done until peace terms had been arranged. Hence, Americans could correctly be considered "enemy nationals" but not "enemy aliens" on territory which was still technically under American sovereignty. Moreover, I explained to the official that the money was not American money; that is, it was not national money of any kind, but it was *ecclesiastical property* which was not national but supra-national. This argument obviously appealed to him and at once he said I should write a letter to that effect.

I did and addressed it to the Japanese High Command. One

could never address a letter to any officer of the Japanese Armed Forces personally, because the Japanese commanders did not publish their names. Letters consequently were always addressed to the Japanese High Command. My letter said something as follows: "The writer of this letter is an American. He is, however, the administrator of ecclesiastical property of the Church of Rome. Part of this property are the funds in the bank at the present moment. Ecclesiastical property is not national property. It is not American, nor Spanish, nor Italian, nor Japanese. It is not national, but supranational. The American government understood this when, before the war, they wished to freeze the funds of the German and Spanish Missionaries in the Philippines. I immediately went to the American High Commissioner (Francis B. Sayre) and also got in touch with Washington by long distance phone and explained the concept of ecclesiastical property. The American government sent orders to the U. S. High Commisisoner in Manila to unfreeze the accounts of the German and Spanish religious orders in the Islands. I expect the magnanimous Japanese High Command will treat the ecclesiastical property of the Church of Rome with the same justice and consideration as did the U. S. government." Not only did I send this letter to the Japanese High Command but also I sent copies to the bank. "Magnanimous" was a very favorite adjective of the Japanese. They were always referring to themselves as the "magnanimous Japanese High Command," "the magnanimous Japanese Army," etc.

The Japanese magnanimous High Command checked the veracity of my statements by documents in the bank, then gave orders that we were to draw out a certain proportion of this money every month. The Maryknoll Sisters had also tried to draw out some funds but of course had been refused as enemy aliens. I suggested the letter as above to Sr. Trinita, the Superioress, and it had the same success. One thing I observed about the Japanese mentality is that they were impressed by logic in argumentation.

Residence certificates

After some months of occupation, the Japanese proclaimed that all enemy aliens must get a residence certificate at the cost of 10 pesos per person. At that time we had approximately 100 American Jesuits in the Ateneo. At 10 pesos each, this would mean we would

have to spend about 1,000 pesos which we could not spare. We had no money to waste on residence certificates. I decided therefore not to make any application for such certificates, though some of the fathers were quite anxious about this and strongly advised me to comply. Indeed, my good and loyal and courageous friend, Bro. Xavier of the LaSalle Brothers, came to me and urged me to get the certificates. His advice made a very deep impression on me because he had tremendous courage and was defying the Japanese on other points. He was a British subject and felt he had to register, which he did. I explained to Bro. Xavier that we American Jesuits were not in the same category because, being a British subject, he was indeed an enemy alien, but we Americans were not enemy aliens. I explained that we were enemy nationals, but not aliens. I was depending here upon that logic of the Japanese which I referred to above. Bro. Xavier chuckled at my semantics but he continued to urge me to comply with the Japanese order because of his anxiety for the safety of the American Jesuits. But we were never called upon to use the argument and were saved about 1,000 pesos.

The funds in the Bank of Taiwan, doled out to us in monthly installments, could not possibly meet our expenditures and were fairly rapidly exhausted. We could, of course, receive no money from the United States, and our usual sources of income in the islands had dried up completely or dwindled to a trickle.

Fortunately the Filipino people came magnificently to our aid. One source of income before the war had been the donations of those who had frequented the chapel of the Ateneo de Manila for religious services. During the occupation we continued our schedule of services, though we faced an unusual problem. The Philippines produce no wine, and we had to stretch our extant stock for the indefinite future for our normal sources of supply from overseas were cut off. We rationed our supply carefully. Priests saying Mass would use no more than twelve drops, measured out by an eye-dropper. The Japanese sentries at our gate must soon have become used to the crowds of Filipinos who passed by them towards our chapel. And these good Christians contributed liberally to the collection plate; one unknown benefactor dropped in a 500 peso note every week. We learned later that our good contributor was Mrs. Jose de Leon; she was affectionately known to all her family and

friends as "Doña Natty." Others would bring in food, possibly only a papaya or two or a bunch of bananas.

Still other Filipinos would come to my office and make contributions, at times quite large. Others would offer me large sums as interest-free loans to be repaid after the war. Some of these loans were, of course, not completely disinterested. They would often be made in Japanese occupation pesos, known commonly as "Mickey Mouse" money. When the Japanese were expelled from the Philippines, this money would become worthless paper. But until the day of liberation came, the money would circulate, and I could find very good uses for it. Still others were taking out insurance. If, after the war, they were accused of being collaborators, they could educe the evidence of loans to the American Jesuits to prove that they were true patriots. And those who offered contributions or loans did so at very real peril of their lives. The set Japanese policy was to degrade the Americans in the eyes of the Filipinos, and a Filipino who offered assistance to an American did so literally at the risk of his head. Consequently many of those who loaned me money refused to take receipts which, if the Japanese discovered them, might cost them their liberty if not their lives. These loans I consider a tribute to the Filipinos who made them, and, in retrospect, quite flattering to myself. I must have had the reputation of being an honest man.

On one occasion a Chinese Filipino, who had loaned me 10,000 pesos, sent his son to me to report that shortly after he had made the loan, he had been picked up by the military police. They gave him a softening up period in the horrible dungeons of Fort Santiago and then interrogated him. The Japanese wanted to tie him in with me. If they succeeded, matters would go very badly with him indeed. As with all others who had advanced me money, the Chinese understood that I would tell the Japanese nothing. His interrogators tried a not uncommon trick. They told him that I also was in Fort Santiago and had confessed and that if the Chinese also confessed they would treat him gently. He almost took the bait. He later told me "but then I close my eyes and see your mouth and I say to myself, 'that fella say *no*, he mean *no*.'" He refused to confess, and the Japanese had to turn him loose.

Other Filipinos came to my office not to make loans or gifts but

to ask for assistance. Only the direst necessity will compel a Filipino to beg, and therefore we assisted all who came to the best of our ability. Consequently, there was a constant stream of money going out to the poor. Our only qualification was "destitution," and we relied upon God to provide. And He did, of course, at the usual tenfold or hundredfold. We used to say, without irreverence: "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will come back to you as ham sandwiches." For example, one morning at ten o'clock we gave our last fifty pesos to a completely indigent elderly gentleman, who had formerly taught at the University of Santo Tomas. Just before noon an alumnus who had previously never given us a centavo walked in and handed me a 500 peso bill. Another morning we gave away the last twenty pesos in the house; that afternoon we received a gift of a basket of eggs and 225 pesos from the Carmelite Sisters.

On another occasion into my office came Mrs. Lucas, a charming Filipino lady, escorted by her daughter. At the time there was absolutely nothing in the kitty, not even a thin dime. As I sought for phrases to explain to the ladies that I could not, at the time, give them a *limosna* (alms), Mrs. Lucas plunked down on my desk a package of money—10,000 pesos. Very profusely and gratefully I began to thank her, and offered to give her a receipt, with a promise to repay after the war. A bit brusquely, she cut me short: "I don't want repayment. And don't thank me. I'm not giving this money to you. I'm giving it to God. You have the job of giving it out as God wants." I learned that this *mulier fortis* had given another 14,000 pesos to the Spanish sisters who desperately needed the money to support the orphans in their Hospicio de San Jose. When I asked Mrs. Lucas what should be our story in case the Japanese found out, she answer: "The Japanese will not find out anything from me. All you have to do is *keep your mouth shut.*" Thus I translate her incomparably more polite Spanish: "Calla te."

VI) We Aid Internees, Prisoners and Refugees

AS SOON AS THE JAPANESE entered Manila, the Jesuits there found themselves in the business of aiding internees and prisoners of war in Japanese camps, and escaped soldiers and refugees in the swamp and mountains of Luzon. When the Japanese rounded up the

Americans in metropolitan Manila most were incarcerated in the major internee camp at the University of Santo Tomas. But in the early days of the occupation, groups were to be found in various locations about the city.

I have mentioned that in January, 1942, a large group of Americans, mostly women and children, were imprisoned temporarily on the campus of the University of the Philippines, just across the street from the Ateneo de Manila. And, as an indication of what was to come, the Japanese would not provide them with bare necessities. Therefore I made the first of many raids on the supplies at the Ateneo de Manila. The willing hands of two Filipino scholastics, Horacio de la Costa and Miguel Bernad, transported a supply of blankets, mosquito nets and some twenty cartons of food and milk to the prisoners. The scholastics were allowed to make two deliveries, but the Japanese guards refused to permit more. As I have mentioned, we also supplied food and drink to the staff and patients of Red Cross Hospital #8 on our campus, and to about seventy American civilians who had taken refuge with us.

Conditions in the Santo Tomas internment camp were to become horrible, but they were bad from the beginning. In January of 1942 the Philippine Chapter of the American Red Cross sent out an appeal for food for the internees. We assembled a large shipment of assorted foods, some 160 cases of canned goods, and turned it over to the Red Cross. We demanded and expected no reimbursement for our food. But the acting head of the Red Cross, Judge Manuel Camus, gave us a check for 9,000 pesos, with instructions to hold it until the end of the war. The check vanished in the maelstrom of war. We were ready to answer other appeals from the Red Cross, but the Japanese would allow no more.

Yet for several months thereafter, I sent other supplies and money to the Santo Tomas camp. My intermediary was a wonderful man, Eitel Baumann. Born in Korea of a German father and Belgian mother, and a naturalized Filipino citizen, Baumann could speak Japanese and was extremely useful in dealing with the occupying forces. He fixed two large baskets on his bicycle, loaded them with canned goods, and pedaled away. In all, he must have made sixty trips across the Pasig River to Santo Tomas. On each trip, he also carried about 150 pesos for the use of the internees. On other occa-

sions, I used several priest intermediaries to get thousands of pesos into the camp.

After I myself became a prisoner in Santo Tomas on January 13, 1944, the Jesuits continued to smuggle money and food into the camp. I recall on one occasion a Filipino lady who received permission to visit an internee slipped me 1,000 pesos which Fr. Greer had asked her to deliver. Other goods and money came in over the wall of the residence of the Dominican Fathers who conducted Santo Tomas University before the war, through the agency of Luis Alcuaz, the Filipino secretary of the Dominican Father Provincial. Still more came through the Santa Catalina dormitory, a residence conducted by nuns just outside the Santo Tomas compound but requisitioned for the use of the camp. Access could be had to this building from outside the perimeter of the camp, and our Fathers sent in supplies and money through this hole.

Other American internees were held prisoners at the Hospicio de San Jose, an orphanage conducted by the Sisters of Charity on an island in the Pasig River. Early in 1942 the Japanese took over a section of the orphanage and placed there about fifty aged and infirm American men. On many occasions I sent these men food, medicines and money. Usually the supplies would be picked up by a Maryknoll priest, Fr. Timothy Daly (later a prisoner of the Communists in China), on his visits to the Ateneo. On other occasions my assistants, Fr. Greer and Fr. McNicholas, would make the deliveries. Of course, we could not feed just the American internees while the sisters and the orphans went hungry. Consequently, we supplied what food we could, not only to this orphanage, but also to one conducted by the Good Shepherd nuns. For the Good Shepherd convent, my chief agent was Fr. Edward Nuttall, who managed in 1943 to deliver to the sisters, besides other supplies, about 100 bags of rice and 20 bags of sugar.

Prisoners of war

We also did what we could for military prisoners of war. In the early months of the war, some American soldiers were held in Manila. I learned that a small group was confined in the English Club on Marquis de Comillas Street. Since a friend of mine was among the prisoners, I personally made about four trips to the club

carrying food. Hundreds of other American prisoners were confined under heavy guard (I believe it was in a school building, in the town of Pasay, just south of Manila) and still more a mile or two further south at Las Pinas. These captives the Japanese used as laborers on Nichols Airfield. Up to the time of my imprisonment early in 1944, I sent to these soldiers, to help them survive, monies in excess of 50,000 pesos, which of course had to be smuggled in.

Other American military prisoners were used by the Japanese as laborers in the port area of Manila itself throughout the war. On several occasions I was able to have smuggled in to them money and medicines. My agent was Humphrey O'Leary, an ancient veteran of the Spanish-American war, who after the campaigns in the Philippines had married a Filipina and settled down in the islands. But in heavily populated Manila the guards watched these men with special care. If they were caught receiving help from outside, they were treated to special severity. Indeed, the prisoners managed to get a message to me to send no more aid. Several Americans who had been caught with supplies from outside had already been severely beaten.

The Japanese kept other American military prisoners in the civil jail in Manila, Bilibid Prison on Azcarraga Street. Among the prisoners was Fr. William Cummings, a Maryknoll missionary who had been commissioned a chaplain in the U. S. Army when the war broke out. Through the good offices of a friendly Japanese, he could occasionally leave the prison to visit the Maryknoll sisters who were then interned in the Assumption Convent. Through Fr. Cummings, I was able to get money and medicines into the soldiers until Father died, still a prisoner of the Japanese. Through some Filipina girls who had a contact at Bilibid, I continued to smuggle additional food into the prisoners at Bilibid.

Still other Americans were held in a section of the New Bilibid prison in the town of Muntinlupa, some twenty miles south of Manila. The Catholic chaplain for the Filipino civilian prisoners was a Filipino Jesuit, Pedro Dimaano. The Director of Prisons was Maj. Eriberto Misa, a very loyal Filipino and an Ateneo alumnus. With his help, Fr. Dimaano was able to visit the section of the prison where the American soldiers were detained, and bring in food, medicines, and money under the noses of the Japanese guards.

Another contact I used was a guerrilla colonel named Baja who managed to get supplies into Muntinlupa; this means of access ended, however, when the Japanese captured and executed Col. Baja.

After the infamous Death March, large numbers of American and Filipino military prisoners were confined in Camp O'Donnell, Tarlac Province, near the town of Capas. We heard of the horrors and sufferings endured by the captives on the Death March, and the reports of the death of thousands in the camp from abuse and starvation. I decided to send these poor men large quantities of food, medicine and money. Food and medicines in Manila were becoming scarcer and increasingly expensive. We were compelled to buy, and we continued to buy, at increasingly stiff prices.

From April to July of 1942, we were able to send five or six large shipments to Camp O'Donnell. Walter Bud, our invaluable buyer, would round up the supplies and assemble them at the Ateneo. We were able to do this due to the incredible inefficiency of the Japanese. Since the Ateneo campus was an internment camp, Japanese guards were stationed there twenty-four hours a day. But to the day the Nipponese moved in, in July of 1943, they never discovered a secondary gate from the compound on Dakota Street! Nor, for that matter, did they ever discover a stock of gasoline. The commercial gasoline companies had destroyed their stocks of gasoline before the Japanese entered Manila. Consequently, it was in very short supply and very expensive. Before the war we had constructed on the campus a small cement building some distance from the major buildings as a fire precaution for the storage of gasoline, and there we kept about twenty drums of gasoline. This gas proved invaluable in the transportation of shipments to Camp O'Donnell and later to Camp Cabanatuan.

Since obviously Americans could not safely take the food and other supplies to the camps, we relied on a wonderful group of loyal and immensely brave Filipinos and Filipinas to make the deliveries. Dozens of these heroic people came to our assistance. At least three of these volunteers, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Escoda and Mr. Enrique Albert, paid with their lives; they were arrested and executed by the Japanese for their devotion to their fellowmen.

These devoted friends would slip into the Ateneo by the unguarded gate, load up the truck, and head for the camp. I recall

Mrs. Natividad de Leon ("Doña Natty") and her charming daughters (Mr. de Leon was imprisoned in Fort Santiago) working like stevedores to load the truck. Often on its trips to camp Miss Lulu Reyes would ride shotgun. I recall warning her to be careful and to take it easy, both for reasons of her health and the fear that the Japanese might retaliate because of her friendliness with Americans. But she was invaluable; when the truck was stopped by Japanese patrols or blocked by Japanese officials, she would blast them, not with buckshot, but with her charming and disarming ways. The truck would get through. Later, Mrs. de Leon and Miss Reyes were decorated by the U. S. Government for their services. Others, as Jesus de Veyra and Susano Velasquez, were equally worthy of honor.

By these willing hands we were able to ship to Camp O'Donnell over 100 sacks and cartons of food—sugar, coffee, dry milk, beans, canned meats—and medicines: quinine, sulfathiazole, ascorbic acid tablets, vitamin concentrates, aspirin, cotton, bandages, gauze, etc. I recall that included with one shipment of medicines were twelve bottles of that very good Spanish brandy, Pedro Domecq. Further, large sums of money were sent to the prisoners. On one occasion, I recall, I gave Mr. Escoda 15,000 pesos to pass on.

Beginning about June of 1942, the Japanese gradually transferred the American military prisoners from Camp O'Donnell to a newly opened prison camp at Cabanatuan in Nueva Ecija Province. Our assistance thereupon was shifted from the old to the new camp, and we continued to make shipments until the end of 1943. How many shipments we made to Cabanatuan I cannot recall, but they were large and continuous.

For these deliveries, we needed the permission of the Japanese authorities. While authorizations for food and medicines were relatively simple to obtain, the Japanese were much more stringent on donations of money. Some we managed to smuggle in. On one occasion, Mr. Escoda was discovered to have hidden a sum of money in the bottom of a box of altar breads; the Japanese confiscated the funds and gave him a severe beating. Usually permission was secured in advance from the Japanese for deliveries of money. At times permission was long delayed; once it had to be secured from Japan. In all, we sent about 150,000 pesos to the prisoners at

Cabanatuan. While the money was usually entrusted to Victor and Josefina Escoda, they were not our only agents. At times we used the services of Fr. Budenbruck, S.V.D. A German citizen and therefore considered an ally by the Japanese, he had special permission from the Japanese to visit the war prisoners at Cabanatuan. Eventually, like the Escodas, Fr. Budenbruck was arrested and executed by the Japanese.

The Columban Fathers

At times we passed money on through the Columban Fathers, mostly Irishmen, who also were engaged to the best of their ability in the dangerous business of assisting internees and prisoners. Many times Fr. John Lalor, who was killed in the Battle of Manila in February, 1945, took sums for transmission either to the prison camps or to the guerrillas. On one occasion, I recall giving Fr. John Heneghan, the superior of the Columban Fathers in the Philippines, 1,000 pesos for the purchase of medicines. Fr. Heneghan and several of his priests were arrested by the Japanese military late in 1944; they were never seen again. What happened to them we never learned.

It was set policy, and I insisted always on the point, that the recipients of aid should not give written receipts for the goods and money they received. Still a number of prisoners did insist on expressing their gratitude in writing. Invariably, we at once destroyed these messages, for they were dangerous to us if they were discovered by Japanese security forces.

The business of sending aid to American internees and prisoners of war was risky enough. Much more dangerous was the business of aiding escaped prisoners and refugees. But we found ourselves engaged in these perilous occupations from the very day that the Japanese military appeared at our gates on January 2, 1942. For in the Ateneo compound at that time were six American soldiers who had become separated from their units. We provided them with mufti, and hid them for several months until we could smuggle them out of the city to guerrilla units. But there seemed to be an unending stream of prisoners who managed to escape and who appeared at the unguarded gate of the Ateneo. Until July of 1943, when the Japanese moved permanently into the compound, on any particular

date there would be two or three fugitive American soldiers hidden somewhere on the premises.

After the surrender of Bataan and the Death March, hundreds of American and Filipino officers and men either avoided capture or made their escape from their Japanese guards. The fugitives hid in various places, particularly in the hills and swamps of Pampanga Province and in the hills of adjacent Zambales Province. Numbers of these men were gradually collected into hideout camps in the mountains behind Floridablanca. Many were in extremely poor physical condition, due to wounds or sickness. After they had been restored to the semblance of good health, the Filipinos among them could merge into the civilian population. The Americans, however, had to remain in hiding until MacArthur returned, and they needed reliable sources of food, medicine and clothing.

I soon found myself a major source of supplies for these camps. Vividly I recall the day I became involved. Into my office on Padre Faura Street, in April of 1942, came an elderly Filipino, who introduced himself as Alejandro Lopez and unfolded his story. A number of American officers who had escaped from the Death March had entered his town of Guaga, Pampanga, and had sought refuge with the local Catholic pastor. He had approached Mr. Lopez, who agreed to take in the men; his house was less likely to be searched by the Japanese than the rectory. Mr. Lopez moved his family to another location, to save them from execution if the Japanese discovered the soldiers while the family was present, turned over his home to the Americans, and hurried into Manila to the Ateneo. He carried with him a written message from one of the escaped prisoners, Fr. John Duffy, an Army chaplain, who asked for aid for his fellow escapees.

Mr. Lopez appeared to be the finest type of Filipino gentleman, but I knew nothing about him. While I was interiorly debating whether he was what he appeared or a Japanese agent, into the office came Dr. Ramon Santos, an Ateneo alumnus whom I knew well. Fortunately Dr. Santos knew Mr. Lopez and vouched for his bona fides.

Dr. Santos was, I recall, in an extremely belligerent mood and was ready to undertake any action against the Japanese occupiers. He had come to discuss the matter with me. On that and a second

visit he paid me, I did my best to caution him against foolhardy risks. But Dr. Santos was not the type to conceal his strongly held opinions. Soon he was incarcerated by the military police in their most feared prison, Fort Santiago. Soon after, his wife was presented by the Japanese with a quantity of hair apparently shaved from her husband's head. By this gruesome memento, Mrs. Santos learned she was a widow.

While the three of us were discussing what to do with Mr. Lopez's escapees, into the office walked yet another Filipino. At first I did not recognize him, but when he introduced himself, I recalled him well. I had not seen him for years, since the days when he had been one of my students at the Ateneo de Manila. He was Vicente Bernia.

Bernia quickly solved Lopez's problem. He willingly and even joyfully offered to take the prisoners off Mr. Lopez's hands and add them to his other groups. For Vicente had come with a similar problem. He was hiding groups of escapees in the swamps of Pampanga near his home. He wanted to get them out of the swamps and other unhealthy hiding places into organized camps and to supply with with food, medicine, and funds. Of course, I agreed to help in every way possible. On that occasion, I scraped together what I could of money, medicines and clothing, and with a feeling of relief, I saw the trio depart.

A few days later Vicente was back. He reported he had placed Fr. Duffy in a convento of sisters. The other refugees in the Lopez home he had disguised as best he could in the usual costume of Filipino peasants. He thereupon loaded them in a horse-drawn *carrotela* and set out for the boondocks. On the way into the hinterlands they several times ran into Japanese patrols. The way Vicente handled the problem made me gulp; it also indicated the irrepressible quality of this incredibly brave Filipino. When the Japanese approached the *carrotela*, Vicente, who had picked up a few words of Japanese, would jump off the wagon, welcome the patrol as long-lost brothers, and shout in Japanese something equivalent to "Three cheers for Japan." At the same time the American officers from their places in the wagon would bow low—very low indeed—without removing the large Filipino peasant hats. These served to obscure their faces while Vicente was distracting the Japanese

soldiers with his vociferous protestations of devotion and admiration for the Empire of the Rising Sun. By this devious device Vicente safely escorted the officers to a secure location.

For about eighteen months, to the end of 1943, I continued to send supplies out to the Bernia-Fassoth camps. On several occasions, they were conveyed by Filipino scholastics, Horacio de la Costa and Pablo Guzman-Rivas. On other occasions, money and medicines were sent out to the escapees through the medium of a Filipino secular priest, whose name I cannot recall.

After the priest had made several trips to the Ateneo, we decided that it was highly dangerous and unnecessarily risky for both him and ourselves if he were seen coming to the Ateneo regularly.

The code

Thereupon we hit upon a simple code. The Pasig River, running roughly from east to west, cuts through the heart of the city of Manila. A northwest section of the city was commonly known as Tondo, a southwest section, as Malate, the southeast, as Singalong and the northeast as Binondo. When the padre would come into Manila, he would immediately phone me. After the usual pleasantries, he would ask me to supply him with so many hundreds or thousands of hosts for Mass. "Hosts" of course meant pesos. And he would say that he would, until a set hour, say three or four in the afternoon, be at the parish church in Tondo. When he said Tondo, he meant Malate; if he said Malate, I knew he meant Singalong, and so on. It was a very easy sequence code.

I would round up the money and, frequently, medicines which were almost impossible to obtain, and summon Eitel Baumann, one of the most reliable and loyal men with whom I had ever dealt. Eitel would go to the designated church and take a pew some distance from the waiting padre, who would be reading his breviary. Eitel would place the package in his pew and after his prayers (and he used to tell me: "Oh how I really prayed, Father, for I was surely scared"), would leave the church. The padre waited a good ten or fifteen minutes to make sure that Eitel had gotten away. For if the Japanese had caught Eitel and brought him back to the church, the padre, still kneeling in his pew, would be safe. When the time had passed, the padre would go to Eitel's pew, pick up

the package, and depart by another door. In this fashion we supplied the padre for some months. If you are tempted to think that this did not take courage to an outstanding degree in Eitel and the padre, then thank God you never had to do it and pray you never will. All during such a rendezvous, I, back in the Ateneo, was worried and scared beyond description.

On several occasions, an American soldier dressed in civilian clothes walked into my office on Padre Faura Street. He could get away with it since he was a Spanish-speaking New Mexican of sallow complexion. On this first visit, I was fairly sure of his genuinity. He carried a verbal message from the American officer who had sent him which recalled several instances when I had met the officer before hostilities and which the young soldier could not possibly have known about. The youngster escaped from the Death March and had been taken in by a very good Spanish family residing in the southern section of Manila. He was acting as liaison between a number of escapees outside the city and the groups in Manila which were assisting them. Of course, we supplied what assistance we could.

One day a lady of the family which sheltered him came to me in great fear. The soldier had fallen seriously sick with dysentery. While the family nursed the boy, they were understandably fearful not only for their own safety but for that of the youngster. It was dangerous for the soldier to go out in the streets, but for him to remain in the house at that particular time was even more dangerous. For the Japanese had formed their "household associations," a typical totalitarian device which required families to report on their neighbors. No one could know when someone in his household association would give evidence, deliberately or inadvertently, of the presence of an escaped American soldier. The woman begged me to get the boy out of Manila and into the custody of the guerrillas operating in the mountains.

The major problem was to get the soldier through the Japanese barriers at all exits from the city. The occupiers had another control device, residence certificates. The soldier did not have one and in his weakened condition he could not possibly go through the various secret exits used by the guerrillas. He would have to be carried from the city in a conveyance through the Japanese posts. He would

need a residence certificate.

Word had reached me that if residence certificates were needed, the man to approach was Claudio Tee Han Kee. Claudio I knew well; he had gone through the Ateneo from grade school on and graduated from the college *summa cum laude*. I got word to Claudio I would like to see him. When he came to my office, I explained the problem. I stressed its urgency, hoping that Claudio would be able to produce the document in three or four days. He simply asked if I wanted a certificate for a Chinese or a Spaniard. When I answered him, he pulled out of his pocket the required certificate, filled in the soldier's name, and that was that. The boy got safely away. And no doubt Claudio continued to walk about the city carrying in his pockets evidence that would literally cost him his head if he were ever searched by the Japanese.

For many months the usual method of getting supplies to the refugee camps was as follows: the supplies would be assembled on the Padre Faura campus, Vicente Bernia would appear with a vehicle at a prearranged hour at the unguarded side gate of the campus, and the cartons and sacks would be loaded as quietly and expeditiously as possible. Indeed, even most of the Jesuits on the campus never knew until after the war what had been going on.

Vicente made about thirty trips. In all he carried away well over 300 cases of food and 40 cases of medicines, as well as large bundles of clothing. On each trip I would give him four or five thousand pesos. With the cash, Vicente would buy more supplies in Manila, and use the bills of sale, in case he was stopped by Japanese, to cover both the supplies he purchased and the goods he had picked up at the Ateneo. Other monies were sent to the refugees through the agency of Eitel Baumann, as I described above, and still more was sent through another brave man, Nelson V. Sinclair, who had his own contacts. In all, besides the food, medicine and clothing, we supplied the Bernia-Fossoth camps with about 200,000 pesos.

At one time the situation became so dangerous that I became extremely worried. Vicente was so regular a visitor to the side gate of the Ateneo that I feared the Japanese would catch on, with incalculable but regrettable consequences for the people in the Ateneo compound. Therefore I told Bernia that we had done all we could, the camps were fairly well supplied, and the escapees could

use the guns he had gotten them to hunt their own food in the forests. In no uncertain terms, I told him not to come back again.

Lo and behold! Two weeks later I looked up at a knock on my screen door. It was Vicente. If he expected a warm welcome, he was not entirely wrong, for he received a blistering reception. I was furious. Nor was I calmed when he told me he had come just to tell me the story of his last load of supplies. Eventually I became quiet enough for him to tell his tale; he had gotten the last truckload of supplies up to the town of Floridablanca on a Japanese military truck driven by a Japanese soldier! When I stopped laughing, I found Vicente had conned me into continuing supplies to his camps.

But sometime about May, 1943, the Nipponese, possibly tipped off by an informer, raided one of the camps when Vicente was present. He was shot to death and his brother, Arturo, met the same fate.

A hideout

Besides the Bernia-Fossoth camps on the Pampanga-Zambales border, we supplied Americans who had set up a hideout near Antipolo, Rizal Province, not very far from Manila. In this camp were not only American military men, but civilians who had evaded internment by the Japanese or who had escaped from concentration camps.

The usual method of contact with these men was an extremely brave American civilian who had long managed the haciendas which provided the income used to support San Jose Seminary, Nelson Vance Sinclair. When the Japanese rounded up American civilians into Santo Tomas internment camp in January, 1942, Sinclair was among the number. But his health was so bad that in April, 1942, he was transferred to the Philippine General Hospital. His hospital bed soon became a central point in the supply of escaped Americans outside Manila.

Since the Philippine General Hospital was only down the street from the Ateneo, I could be at his bedside in five minutes from my office. And I had every excuse to make frequent visits to a sick friend. His Filipino friends too could and did come to visit him—including some friends he was meeting for the first time. Clearly

it was extremely dangerous to have the Filipinos who were intermediaries between myself and the Antipolo groups come too often to the Ateneo campus. Vance and I came to an arrangement. When I would visit him, I would bring in quanties of money. When his Filipino friends visited him, the money somehow vanished.

The arrangement, of course, could not have worked without the knowledge and consent of the brave Filipino doctors and nurses who staffed the Philippine General Hospital. Never once, in the long months the method was used, did we have to fear a leak in the absolutely necessary secrecy. Among those who actively helped were the head of the hospital, Dr. Agerico Sison, the superintendent of nurses, Mrs. Adriano, and Miss Agra and Miss Asperilla, both nurses.

Several of the agents Vance used were eventually captured and killed by the Japanese. Invariably they were Filipinos, with one exception. Maj. Walter Cushing used to enter Manila openly—dressed as a Jesuit priest! Obviously at one of our houses he had secured one of our white cassocks. To make his cover complete, he carried the black book, often seen in the hands of priests, the breviary. Only in the Major's case, the breviary was a dictionary! Eventually he was executed, as was a brave Filipino lieutenant in the guerrillas, Concepcion, who frequently visited Sinclair's bedside.

After this operation had been going on for some months, the Japanese Kempetai suddenly appeared at the Philippine General Hospital, pulled Sinclair out of his bed, and hauled him off to Fort Santiago. My worry, which was intense, was nothing compared to what Sinclair had to endure.

For Fort Santiago was infamous. Here the Kempetai housed the prisoners they considered most dangerous, and here they used every means to break them down. Not only was there crowding that reminded one of the Black Hole of Calcutta, there was unspeakable filth, there were innumerable vermin, there was starvation, there was endless questioning, there were constant beatings, there were the most bestial tortures.

Sinclair entered Fort Santiago a sick man. Yet, according to the testimony of our Ateneo alumni who were fellow-prisoners there, he was treated savagely. No other American, according to our alumni, received anything approaching the beatings and the tor-

tures inflicted on Sinclair. The Ateneo alumni would know. So many were entertained as unwilling guests in Fort Santiago, they called it Alumni Hall. For nine long months, Sinclair endured and opened not his mouth. His condition became such that the Kempetai decided he could not possibly survive another day. To avoid having him die on their hands, they shipped him back to Santo Tomas internment camp, where the camp officials at once transferred him back to the Philippine General Hospital, so that he might die in peace. But Sinclair refused to die. Horribly emaciated and battered—later, when he was able to get out of bed, he could only get about on two canes—this incredibly brave man at once re-established his contacts and renewed his work from his hospital bed.

For Sinclair and many others I would gladly have done what I was able to do on only one occasion—bribe a prisoner out of Fort Santiago. She was Mrs. Margaret Utinsky, whose husband had died as a prisoner of war in a prison camp. Known as "Miss U," Mrs. Utinsky had been performing incredible services for the Americans in the underground. She had sold her jewels and all her personal goods to raise money for the relief of the Americans. She was not one of our agents in relief work. Her main contacts were with Fr. Heneghan and his Columban Fathers who, as I have mentioned, were seized by the Japanese and vanished without trace. I knew her, of course, and what she was doing, and I was very concerned when she was taken into Fort Santiago.

I learned that if the proper Japanese officer were approached with adequate money, Mrs. Utinsky would be transferred to another place of detention. I recall the devious channels through which the money—5,000 pesos—got into the hands of the right member of the Kempetai. I passed the money to Sr. Isabel, an American Maryknoll sister who was working in the Remedios Hospital, whose chaplain was the Columban Fr. John Lalor. Fr. Lalor visited another hospital, Doctors' Hospital, where he passed the bribe on to a patient, an American named Johnson, a member of the Maritime Commission for the Philippines, and later executed by the Japanese. Mr. Johnson turned the money over to a Filipino named Armasetegui, who in turn gave it to the Filipina woman who was friendly with the Kempetai officer. Almost at once, Mrs. Utinsky was dis-

covered to be sick, and transferred from Fort Santiago to Doctors' Hospital, from which place she fled to the mountains.

Fr. Sullivan

At times, and particularly during the nerve-wracking months when Sinclair was in Fort Santiago, I got money to the groups at Antipolo and other hideouts through a Jesuit at the Ateneo, Fr. Russell Sullivan. The intermediaries would slip in by the undiscovered gate at the Padre Faura campus and as unobtrusively as possible go to Fr. Sullivan's room. For reasons of security, I did not keep large sums of money in my quarters. If the Japanese raided the Ateneo, that was the first place they would search. When we had ready cash in large quantities, we would at times hide it in the attic; usually we kept a large amount in the false bottom of a trunk in Fr. Sullivan's room.

Fr. Sullivan, another man of calm courage during the war, had a way of passing on money to the agents of the camps so that we could dissimulate having given money to fugitives. It was a method I often used myself. When the agent entered the room, the padre would insist that he had nothing to give and that, even if he did, he could not take the chance because of fear of Japanese reprisals. While thus protesting, he would pull open the top drawer of his desk, revealing a stack of bills, and walk away from the desk. With a "Sorry you can't help us, Padre," the intermediary would quietly pocket the cash and leave.

On other occasions money would be delivered to agents in the Acacia Soda Fountain, a small lunch room run by Walter Bud a few blocks from the Ateneo, and many times deliveries of money and medicines were made in San Marcelino Church to Pedro Start, a Filipino who had been adopted by an American doctor.

When I look back on the risks we took, I still get scared. I thank God I have had the grace of knowing so many brave Filipinos and Americans who with incredible bravery risked prison, torture, and execution to aid their suffering fellow men. I would like to set down all their names here, but at this late date my memory is too faded.

VII) We Are Expelled From the Ateneo De Manila

FOR A YEAR AND A HALF of occupation we Jesuits, both Filipino and American, and our guests, the priests and religious and the American civilians, lived in relative peace on the Padre Faura campus. Japanese guards patrolled the main entrance twenty-four hours a day, and time after countless time Japanese units entered the buildings and inspected the grounds. But for over a year, the Nipponese were apparently content to leave us in quiet possession of our own property. There was no repetition of their initial attempt to incarcerate all the American fathers and scholastics in the Santo Tomas internment camp.

It was too good to last. We felt in our bones that the Japanese would one day take steps to break up our community and take over our buildings. Therefore we made plans to beat a strategic retreat to previously prepared positions. There were several options open to us. We had at our disposal our retreat house of La Ignaciana in the Santa Anna district of Manila and our group of buildings in Intramuros which comprised the residence known as the Mission House, the Church of San Ignacio and the Ateneo grade school. Other options were made available to us through the charity and graciousness of two religious orders, the Augustinians and the Vincentians.

The Vincentian Fathers, known in the Philippines as the Paulistas, conducted the archdiocesan seminary of Manila in a large building on San Marcelino Street. Since classes had been suspended during the war and the seminarians sent home, the Vincentians offered us accommodations perfectly suited for our scholastics pursuing their studies. We gratefully accepted. But in case the Japanese were to expel us from San Marcelino also, we judged it prudent to have a second prepared position in readiness. We approached the friars at the convento of San Augustino in Intramuros, situated only a few steps from our Mission House. The Augustinians had a tremendous, fortress-like church, the oldest church in Manila and redolent with history. The friars welcomed us most graciously and offered us the freedom of their buildings.

About June of 1943, after yet another inspection by a group of Japanese, we received a notification from the Japanese magnanimous High Command that the Imperial Army would take over the main buildings on the campus as a hospital for Japanese military. Of course we protested and pulled every string available to have the order rescinded. The Japanese graciously invited all the Americans to move into Santo Tomas internment camp, an invitation which we had absolutely no intention of accepting. They further stated that the Filipino Jesuits could, if they wished, move into the frame laboratory buildings in the rear of the campus. This we planned to do, for we intended to keep at least some toe-hold on our campus.

Eventually we were ejected on the feast of the Sacred Heart, July 3, 1943. I well recall the date, for it had been predicted by Fr. Heneghan, the superior of the Columban Fathers, who resided at the Melate Church near the Ateneo. His argument was a very spiritual one. He said that anyone who was dedicated to the Sacred Heart would be called upon for suffering. Now the great feast of the Sacred Heart was looming, and he felt quite certain that something was going to happen on that day and that it would be an order to move. He was right.

I felt also that we were due to be moved. Hence I thought it prudent to make quiet and immediate preparations, just in case. Two of the fathers drew up a most elaborate sort of plan by which the beds, books, clothes, furniture, blackboards, etc., would be marked, carried down and placed in different piles in the patio. This was a very complicated plan and the logistics of it just seemed to be impossible.

I fell back then on our experiences at Woodstock College, our seminary in Maryland. The old-timers of Woodstock remember that whenever we had a performance, we used the refectory for an auditorium or theater, where we put on concerts and theatricals complete with scenery, backdrops, stage curtain and gas footlights. As soon as supper was finished, everybody rose, put their plates and cutlery together, wended their way to the scullery, deposited them there, returned, picked up what was left on the tables and brought it to the kitchen. Salt and pepper shakers and the cruets of oil and vinegar were placed on the window sills nearby, which were high above the head of the audience. The point is that there seemed to

be utter confusion to an outside observer. All were hurrying and scurrying about like ants, without any apparent order; but like ants, everybody knew just what he was about. After the performance, the dining room would have to be set up for breakfast. Nobody was assigned to any particular task but everybody turned to—put out the tables, replaced the chairs, spread the tablecloths, returned the cruets. In a jiffy, cutlery and plates were on the table. In all this apparent confusion was an orderly and most expeditious system. The theater was quickly transformed into a dining room all ready and set for breakfast. I thought of this experience and decided that it would be the best method for moving. In other words everybody was to be responsible for getting his own stuff over to San Marcelino seminary. The scholastics formed groups of two or three—two to carry while one watched over the pile of material in the patio.

Stripping the buildings

At sundown on July 2nd, we received orders that we would have to be out of the main buildings before one o'clock on the afternoon of July 3rd. The Japanese evidently believed it was impossible to think of moving all of the equipment of the school in so short a time. They expected, consequently, to enter a group of buildings equipped for their needs.

We were unanimously determined that the Japanese would not find a group of buildings equipped for their needs. All pitched in at once, Filipinos and Americans, fathers, scholastics and brothers. We worked like beavers till after midnight, caught a few hours sleep, had Mass and a bite of breakfast, and turned again to the task of stripping the buildings to the bare floors.

At the crack of dawn the Ateneo campus was invaded, not by the Japanese, but by hundreds of Filipinos. The news of the expulsion had spread around the town like wildfire. By the dozens and the scores, men, women and children brushed by the bewildered Japanese sentries at the gate and pitched in to help the padres move. It was partly a chance for the Filipinos to show the Japanese what they thought of them. But it was even more a very moving demonstration of the Filipino affection for the Filipino Jesuits and their American brethren.

The trucks had disappeared long ago—all confiscated by the Japa-

nese. The Filipinos had met the situation by improvising pushcarts. Do not imagine a small one-man push cart used by hawkers of apples or frankfurters. The Filipino people, very resourceful, made their own pushcarts by getting four automobile wheels and on the axles, built all sizes of bodies. One would be surprised at the number of beds or bureaus or lockers that could be piled up on one of these pushcarts. In many cases it would take half a dozen people to push the loaded carts. As soon as the news spread about, these pushcarts suddenly came, apparently out of the woods and out of the walls, out of nowhere. At one time I counted over forty of them. Many were brought by alumni and by friends of alumni whom we had never met before.

The Japanese sentries were joined about midmorning by several squads of Japanese soldiers, who evidently were the first contingent destined to move into the buildings. They too gaped in amazement at the men and women carrying immense loads out of the edifices, dumping them on the pushcarts, and hurrying back for more. The soldiers quickly learned to duck out of the way. Fixed bayonets or not, many a Japanese was rammed in the back by a heavy desk or chair—accidentally, of course. One of them apparently summoned enough of his senses to report what was going on to higher officers. For at eleven o'clock, the Japanese official who was second in command of the Foreign Office appeared with another and larger contingent of soldiers. In the hurly-burly he managed to locate me and declared he was taking possession immediately. I protested long and vociferously that according to the orders of the magnanimous Japanese High Command we had until one o'clock to move out. Even while we were arguing, desks, chairs, beds, lockers and whatnot continued to flow in an unceasing stream past us to the pushcarts.

As the morning went on, more and more people came to assist the Jesuit Fathers in the transfer. The Beaterio Sisters and the Belgian Sisters came with several scores of their girl students. Two justices of the Filipino Supreme Court came to help. I stopped these men because I feared a stroke or a heart attack. I told them that their mere presence was a tremendous contribution and example for the people.

The sisters were marvelous. In the small reception room as one

entered the Ateneo, there were some tables and chairs for visitors. The soldiers who had arrived immediately took this over as their office and set up their tea kettle with burners on one of the tables. A Belgian sister with some of her girls unceremoniously removed the kettle, and gesticulated remonstratively that they were ruining a good table. The sister put the kettle on the floor, while the girls picked up the table and walked out with it. The whole second floor after a short while had become quite bare. A Japanese soldier, however, had picked up a small glass ashtray and was slowly walking down the corridor, banging his gun against the floor in the manner of a shepherd with his staff. A Belgian sister who happened along, took the ashtray out of the hand of the Japanese soldier. The Japanese loosed his hold on the tray to point at the sister and said, "You, smoke?" and she said, "Yes." He threw his head and laughed uproariously, and then simply continued his patrol down the corridor. The sister handed me the ashtray and began to describe the incident of which I myself was a witness.

After my discussion with the Foreign Office official at eleven o'clock, I suddenly contrived to disappear from sight. Meantime things were being rushed out the front door without any regard for the soldiers. But after a period of time, the guards at the front door received orders to allow nobody out with any more furniture. After the order had been given, students of the Christian Brothers' college of La Salle, who were assisting in the move, entered my office, took the huge very heavy wooden desk they found there, and started down the corridor with it. The Japanese soldiers stopped them. Undisturbed by this, they put down the desk and simply waited. After a few minutes, they then carried it through the other side of the building, right up on the grand portico, the *azotea*. From the floor of the *azotea* to the ground was a distance of about twenty feet. How these La Salle boys, plus a couple of our Ateneo alumni, ever got that heavy desk over the balustrade of the portico, and down to the ground without smashing it, amazed me. However, they did it and then simply walked it out the back gate on Dakota Street which the Japanese had not yet discovered, and consequently were not guarding.

The Japanese official in charge finally caught up with me in the dining room. After much gesticulating which of course I was not

too quick to understand, he finally made his meaning clear by drawing a chalk line across the floor at the door, and after more gestures indicated that anything inside must not come out. Then he explained to me that the Japanese were going to put Japanese characters on all the things that must not be removed. As soon as he left the dining room, the Filipinos immediately swarmed in and removed tables, chairs, etc. Meanwhile the official and several of his men were busy in all parts of the building, marking things with Japanese characters to indicate that they must not be removed. I explained this to the Filipinos. The reaction of the women was, "Oh, they're *locos*" (that is, silly, crazy, stupid). And women with cloths or handkerchiefs erased the marks and the flow of furniture continued out the gates. About noontime, two of these women stopped me and with a laugh said, "Father, do you have any paint remover?" Wondering what under the sun they wanted with paint remover at this stage of the world's existence, I said, "What do you want the paint remover for?" They said, "That's about all there's left, and we don't want the Japanese to have even the paint." Then they laughed and went off about their work. Some of the men came to me in a great rush and asked for monkey wrenches and other heavy tools. On inquiring what they wanted them for, I was told they intended to remove the sanitary installations. They actually began the work, but they were stopped by the Japanese.

It was touching indeed to see those swarms of pushcarts bustling away down Padre Faura Street, hurried on by dozens of willing hands, and cheered by hundreds of spectators. Before the war the Ateneo had a large bus, labelled for the school symbol, the Blue Eagle, and a pickup truck, known to the students as the Blue Eaglet. Among the dozens of carts, one could see a large one, pushed by our students and alumni, and bearing the proud sign: "Blue Eagle—Push." Tagging along behind was a smaller cart, named, of course, the "Blue Eaglet—Push." The carts were loaded with incredible burdens—even huge, unwieldy, enormously heavy mahogany screens, twelve feet high and fourteen feet across, and tremendous desks and tables made of ponderous Philippine mahogany.

When the Japanese did take over the Ateneo buildings, they found them practically stripped to the bare floors. Even the electric light sockets had been robbed of bulbs, and the doors of knobs.

Most of the heavy equipment was pushed into Intramuros and stored in our church of San Ignacio, which was no longer used for divine services due to the war. My hopes of re-equipping the Ateneo after the war from this store were defeated, however, when in the terrible fighting for Manila, Intramuros, including our church, was levelled to the ground.

When the Japanese moved into the main buildings, we retired to the other end of the compound, that is to the laboratory buildings and the auditorium. Here the Jesuit philosophers remained with their teachers until the first American bombing of Manila on September 21, 1944. With further bombings in prospect, the Vice-Superior of the Mission (I was in concentration camp) Fr. Jose Siguion decided that dispersal was the safest policy. A handful of Jesuits remained at the Padre Faura campus, living in the dressing rooms of the auditorium. Here, as the American army approached the city, they were joined by hundreds of refugees, who bedded down in the auditorium and other buildings. In the savage fighting for the city of Manila which practically levelled the city to the ground, the buildings of the Ateneo were blown to bits by heavy shelling; or destroyed by the Japanese. Among those killed were two young scholastics, Ricardo Pimentel and Francisco Lopez. They were but two of hundreds. For the maddened Japanese poured gasoline on the auditorium, crowded with refugees, and set it ablaze. In the fire, hundreds died a horrible death.

The theologians and their professors moved into the diocesan seminary on San Marcelino Street. There they remained for ten months until in May, 1944, the Japanese evicted them from this refuge. Driven from the hospitality of the Vincentian Fathers, a number of theologians were welcomed by the Augustinian friars in Intramuros; others moved into our Mission House nearby.

VIII) I Am Interrogated and Interned

AFTER OUR EXPULSION from the campus on Padre Faura Street, I returned with a group of fathers to the Mission House on Arzobispo Street in the Intramuros section of Manila.

One morning I received a phone call from the Kempetai, "inviting" me to visit their headquarters on Taft Avenue. I had no idea

what was in the wind, and decided to use evasive tactics. To represent me, I sent my socius, Fr. Henry Greer. When Fr. Greer returned that evening, he was mystified. When he got to the Kempetai offices, he found that I was not the only Jesuit invited. Present at Taft Avenue were Frs. Vincent Kennally (now bishop of the Marshall and Caroline Islands), Anthony Keane, Joseph Mulry, Bernard Doucette, Bros. John Abrams and Edward Bauerlein, and the Filipino scholastic, Horacio de la Costa. The Japanese simply loaded the group on a truck and hauled them off to Fort Santiago. While the others were incarcerated, Fr. Greer, whose name was not on the list, was kept waiting all day. He was finally released, and walked the few blocks from the fort to our house on Arzobispo Street.

Clearly the Japanese were after me. I had had sufficient warning. To give an instance: an alumnus one day appeared at Padre Faura Street and asked to see Fr. Keane. The young man had just been released from Fort Santiago by the Kempetai, who gave him the usual instructions to go home and say nothing of what had occurred in the prison. And they added particular instructions: stay away from the American Jesuits. But within twenty-four hours the young man turned up at our compound. He refused to speak to Fr. Keane in the parlors in front of the house, insisted on a place where they could not be overheard, led the padre to the most secluded classroom in the rear of the building, then to the furthest corner of the room, and when he spoke, it was in a whisper. This was the effect of a sojourn in Fort Santiago. The purpose of his visit was to warn that the Japanese were out to get me. He dared not speak to me personally, lest the Japanese learn of it and again imprison him in Fort Santiago; and he asked Fr. Keane to pass on the warning. This was Ramon Diaz, brother of Fr. Jesus ("Jess") Diaz, S.J.

On another occasion an Ateneo alumnus, Gabino Mendoza, passed me on the streets in Intramuros in a horse-drawn *callesa*. He stopped the *callesa*, furtively signalled me to approach, and warned me in a whisper that the Japanese had questioned him many times and at length about me. He said they had secured photographs of the Ateneo alumni and of the Jesuit padres and had asked him to identify them.

The pictures were in the year books put out before the war by

the graduating classes of the Ateneo. Copies of these annuals, which they had somehow obtained, had confused the Japanese. They contained pictures of the Ateneo administration and faculty, including the rector at the time, Fr. Francis Reardon, and the head of the chemistry department, Fr. Eugene Gisel. Since I was in command at the Ateneo campus, they expected my portrait to be in the annuals; of course, it was not. When alumni and students of the Ateneo were questioned, the Japanese would bring out the year books, cover the captions on the pictures, and ask the one being questioned to supply the names. When Fr. Gisel was properly identified, the questioner would be put out. It is of course understandable. Many Westerners cannot tell one Oriental from another; it is not surprising that many Orientals cannot tell one Caucasian from another. The Japanese expected Fr. Gisel to be identified as "Harry, John." I understood their confusion. Both Fr. Gisel and myself wore eyeglasses and were quite full-faced; and while Fr. Gisel was bald, I have a forehead that is very, very high. The Japanese were further confused since I was indifferently called "Father Hurley" and "Father Superior" by the man being questioned.

On several occasions the then Assistant Fiscal (District Attorney) of Manila (later Senator) Tanada, sent word to me to be very careful because on the desk of the Chief Inspector of the Kempetai at Fort Santiago was my photograph with a large X marked below it. Tanada explained that the X signified I was under very special investigation. I received similar warnings from several other Filipinos.

Fr. Greer came back from Fort Santiago with orders from the Kempetai that I was to present myself to them. I had no intention of obliging them. I knew that if I did, I too would end up in the dungeons. I decided to play on the mortal fear of infectious diseases in the Japanese. On Padre Faura Street I had had several attacks of dysentery and had been treated by an Ateneo alumnus, Dr. Ted Herrerra. When I got in touch with Dr. Ted, he came to Intramuros and gave me a certificate that I was still harboring dysentery germs. The Japanese phoned several times and ordered me to report. But with the backing of Dr. Herrerra, I could answer that I was harboring germs and of course I promised that as soon as I was fully recovered, I would visit them. One never becomes com-

pletely free of dysentery germs.

By this device I evaded the Kempetai for a number of weeks. We still did not know why the others had been arrested, and I was anxious to find out before I had to report. Fr. Doucette was eventually released and he returned to his residence at La Ignaciana on the Pasig River. He got word to me he had been quizzed among other things about bayonets.

Hidden bayonets

I knew then what the problem was. The Ateneo de Manila had an R.O.T.C. corps, which had been supplied by the government with several hundred rifles and bayonets. While in their drills the boys had used the rifles, the bayonets were never unpacked but kept in the boxes in which they had been delivered to us. Soon after the occupation of Manila, the Japanese army had removed the rifles, but had overlooked the bayonets in the armory at the Padre Faura campus. Concluding it was dangerous to keep them at the Ateneo, and as dangerous to tell the Japanese we had them, we had smuggled them over to the retreat house called La Ignaciana and hid them in the storeroom where they remained undisturbed for months.

The Japanese, hearing that guerrillas were hiding arms in the Santa Anna district, one day sent soldiers to search the area. They swooped down on the compound at La Ignaciana and searched it from stem to stern. They entered the storeroom, pulled the goods apart, opened numbers of boxes and bales. Bro. Bauerlein reported that while he was questioned there by a Japanese officer, the soldier smoked a cigarette with his foot up on a box of bayonets. The weapons, however, were not found. That night Bro. Bauerlein and a loyal *muchacho* dumped the dangerous cartons into the nearby Pasig River.

Thereafter messages about the bayonets and their disposal were exchanged among Fr. Keane at the Ateneo who had arranged their transfer to La Ignaciana, Fr. Kennally at the retreat house, and myself. One written message was carried by the Filipino scholastic, Jaime Neri. As luck would have it, the Japanese searched young Neri. And the fat was in the fire.

At once the Japanese returned in strength to La Ignaciana and

turned the compound and its contents upside down. Of course they did not find the bayonets, now embedded in the silt of the Pasig. But they did discover several items they judged suspicious. In Fr. Mulry's room they found photographs of Tokyo in ruins. The pictures had been taken by one of our priests in Japan, Mark McNeal, after the Tokyo earthquake of 1923; and they had been used by him on a lecture tour in the United States to raise money for the victims of the quake. How the Japanese interpreted these pictures is not clear. But they were pictures of their capital city, and they showed it in ruins. Fr. Mulry was arrested. Fr. Doucette, a member of the staff of the weather bureau at the Manila Observatory, had in his room a batch of the daily weather reports. For possession of this collection of suspicious meteorological data, he too ended up in jail.

The Kempetai also picked up Fr. Keane, the two American brothers at La Ignaciana and the rector, Fr. Kennally. I do not recall why young de la Costa was arrested, but I believe it was because he had acted as a letter-drop for me. Thank heavens the Japanese never learned of the scores of daring actions done by this apparently frail young man.

The story is this: soon after the occupation of the islands, I wanted to learn about the conditions of our padres in Mindanao. I decided to send an emissary. The man would have to be Filipino, young, active and knowledgeable of the island. Burly young Jaime Neri fitted the bill. Off he went. Obviously he could not address his reports back to Manila to me. My name on the envelope would be enough to assure that the Japanese censors would read the letters and very probably keep them. Therefore Jaime sent long, chatty and apparently innocuous letters to his friend, Horacio, in Manila. It would appear that the censors intercepted some of these letters en route and read them with more than ordinary interest. At any event, when de la Costa entered Fort Santiago, he found his erstwhile correspondent already in residence.

For several weeks the eight Jesuits remained in Fort Santiago and received the delicate treatments of the Kempetai. They were at least spared the water cure that was inflicted, among others, on two American Maryknoll nuns, Sr. Trinita and Sr. Brigida. In this ingenious treatment, the victim was thrown on the ground, his nose

blocked up, a rubber tube forced down his throat, and down the tube was poured great quantities of water; when the body of the victim was greatly bloated, the Kempetai would jump with both feet on the distended abdomen. But apart from this the Jesuits got the full treatment, crowded into filthy cells, starved, beaten. Later—very much later—Bishop Kennally could be kidded on the unique distinction conferred upon him by his jailers. In his cell, he was the "Banjo boy." The Japanese word for sanitary facility is transliterated in English as "benjo," pronounced "banjo." Once a day Fr. Kennally had to carry out of his cell the bucket used as a latrine. One day, terribly weakened by abuse and starvation, he fell while carrying his odorous receptacle and broke his arm. He received no medical attention. He kept the arm immobilized as much as possible and eventually the bone healed.

Eventually Jaime Neri was sent to the prison at Muntinlupa, Frs. Kennally and Keane and the two brothers were transferred to the internment camp at Santo Tomas, while Frs. Mulry, Doucette and the young scholastic de la Costa were turned loose. Those who were released we fed as best we could and we "deloused" them. This was not an easy process; so filthy were the cells that it would take long days. Young Horacio emerged with a stubborn skin disease that took months to clear up.

The phone calls from the Kempetai, demanding that I report to Fort Santiago persisted. Finally matters came to the point where I had to obey. Fully believing that if I came out of the dreadful place alive it would not be for long months, I arranged for transfer of authority and made my peace with God. One morning, full of trepidation, I entered the gate of Fort Santiago.

Interrogation

I was immediately taken to an interrogation room. For three hours a major of the Kempetai questioned me through a Japanese civilian interpreter whose command of English was not very good. The interrogation was wide-ranging and covered all sorts of topics, including the bayonets in the Pasig. The Japanese could not, as they obviously hoped, catch me in a single lie. For I did not tell them one. Apart from the immorality of the lie, I knew that the best way to handle the Nipponese was to tell them the truth. When

they found they were getting the truth, this would mystify and confuse them. But while I gave them strictly truthful answers to all their questions, I made no attempt to amplify. In this I followed the practice urged by lawyers on their clients. I answered the question as put, and then shut up. I made no speeches, I volunteered no information, I offered no explanations.

About noon, the major indicated that the questioning would be suspended for a few hours. I rose from my chair, bracing myself to experience for the first time the dreadful cells of which I had heard so much. To my absolute amazement I was told that I could leave the fort, but that I would have to return that afternoon. Stunned but rejoicing, I walked the few blocks to the Mission House where I was received by my equally stunned and rejoicing brethren. That afternoon I again bade farewell to my fellow Jesuits and at three o'clock reported to the fort. For another three hours we went at it hammer and tongs. The Kempetai officer was not at all gracious in his manner. For at the end of the second question period, he had not gotten a damaging confession nor had he been able to get any information on which he could base even a specious charge. About six o'clock the major again gave me the hoped-for but still incredible news that I was free to go. For in wartime Manila it was simply unknown for any Filipino or American to enter Fort Santiago and reappear on the same day. I went on my way, rejoicing.

Twice thereafter I was again summoned to Fort Santiago, and twice the same process was repeated: long and gruelling periods of interrogation and finally at the end of the day a most welcome dismissal.

Yet I knew that the days of my freedom were numbered. Though the Japanese had no solid evidence of any of my activities which they would consider hostile or illegal, they were obviously highly suspicious of me. Sooner or later they would incarcerate me. Therefore I took the necessary measures to see that the work of the Jesuits would go on while the superior of the mission was behind bars.

The expected blow fell in the first week of 1943, when I received a written order from the Japanese to report for internment at Santo Tomas. Although the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Piani, entered a protest, the Nipponese refused to recall the order. I noticed that my copy of the order had confused the date. While I was com-

manded to report before noon on Monday, January 13, that date in January did not occur until later in the week. Always cooperative with the occupying forces, I remained home at the Mission House on Monday. In the afternoon I received a phone call from the commandant of Santo Tomas. I told him I would report on January 13. Warning me that I had better, he agreed to the delay! At noon on January 13, I was still on Arzobispo Street. Once again the commandant phoned. I told him that no conveyance had appeared to carry me to Santo Tomas. Obviously irritated, he told me to get my own transportation or walk. I had packed a small trunk, known in the Philippines as a "baul," pronounced "bah-ul," with some essential clothing. I thereupon asked him when he would send for my baul. This infuriated him. He shouted "You and your bowel can go to hell" and slammed down the phone. Having demonstrated my cooperative spirit, I decided I had better check into Santo Tomas.

There I did not lack the company of my religious brethren. Only a few weeks before my arrival, after several months in Fort Santiago, Frs. Kennally and Keane and Bros. Abrams and Bauerlein had been transferred to Santo Tomas, mere battered, mere walking, skeletons. Fr. Doucette had once more been arrested and placed in Santo Tomas. From Mindanao where they had been interned since the early days of the war, a group of American Jesuits had been transferred to Santo Tomas: Frs. Cervini, David Daly, Ewing, Kirchgessner, McFadden, and three scholastics, Behr, Brady, and Gehring.

I will not dwell upon the horrors and inspiring courage of Santo Tomas internment camp. They have been adequately described in a number of books—to cite but two: *Santo Tomas Internment Camp*, edited by Frederic H. Stevens and A. V. H. Hartendorp's *The Santo Tomas Story*.[1] Mr. Hartendorp was appointed as official historian of the camp by the internees' committee, and he wrote a daily account under the noses of the Japanese guards. The manuscript, eventually totaling some 4,000 pages, was never discovered. The book prints only excerpts. Would that the whole manuscript could be printed!

[1] Frederic Harper Stevens, *Santo Tomas Internment Camp*, Limited Private Edition (New York: Stratford House, 1946); Abram V. H. Hartendorp, *The Santo Tomas Story*, ed. Frank H. Golay (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1964).

When I entered the camp, the commandant, probably because of our phone conversations, expressly forbade me to say Mass. None of the fifty or so other priests in Santo Tomas had received such an order. They offered Mass daily in the physics or chemistry laboratories of the main building, where a number of altars had been set up. While I could not use these altars, I managed to evade the order. I rose very early and together with a Columban, Fr. McFadden, headed for the physiotherapy room in the improvised hospital. Here we put blankets on the window to cut off any glimmer of light, and before dawn we had both finished Mass on our improvised altar.

The hospital had been set up in a section of the Santa Catalina dormitory which before the war housed female students of the university. The Spanish Dominican Sisters who had conducted the dormitory still resided in a section of the building supposedly sealed off from the rooms used by the internment camp. While we were saying Mass, often we would hear the sound of a forbidden newspaper being whisked under the door from the sisters' quarters. More than newspapers came through the sisters' willing hands.

During the thirteen months of my internment, I, like the other prisoners, waited and hoped and starved. Like so many other priests, I found employment as an orderly in the camp hospital. Fr. Keane and I worked as a team. One of our jobs was to "delouse" the prisoners transferred, often in dying condition, to Santo Tomas from the dungeons of Fort Santiago. So expert did we become at this task, that, whenever a prisoner arrived from Fort Santiago, the head nurse, Miss Blanche Kimball, would call for her specialists. We also became quite skilled in the administering of enemas. Our reputation was so good that when the doctors were in personal need they came to us for treatment. Many of the patients requiring enemas were old men, suffering from piles of trouble. We treated them with the utmost gentleness. And we waited and hoped and starved.

IX) The Last Year of Occupation and the First Year of Freedom

IN THE UNCERTAINTIES of the war and the occupation, it was my duty to see that suitable plans were devised to be put into effect, depending upon varying contingencies. Two of these plans were drawn up with the advice and consent of my consultors to respond to two likely events: that the superior of the mission would be unable to function due to death or incarceration, and that all the American Jesuits would be interned. Both of these contingencies came to pass.

The first of these documents is entitled *Status Promulgandus Si et Quando*, that is, a list of offices to be promulgated if and when the Americans were herded into camps. All offices vacated by Americans would be taken by Filipinos. It was designed so that the work of the Society could continue, especially the training of the candidates for the priesthood. It was anticipated that the studies of the theologate would continue at San Marcelino Seminary with about a dozen scholastics and two dozen Josefinos. In the area left to us, at the Ateneo de Manila campus, the philosophate would continue with about twenty scholastics and an equal number of Josefinos. About twenty more Josefinos would constitute the two upper classes of the minor seminary, housed in our buildings in Intramuros. The largest number of scholastics, about forty novices and juniors, would continue their studies at La Ignaciana.

Part of this *Status Si et Quando*, of course, came into effect when I entered Santo Tomas internment camp on January 13, 1944. Fr. Jose Siguion took office as vice-superior. Within a week he circulated to local superiors the second document which contained instructions on the mode of operations to be followed when and if the American Jesuits were interned.

This second paper gave instructions to the Filipino Jesuits to continue their normal work as best they could. It also gave advice to the Americans on the articles useful in concentration, such as tin cups and plates, mosquito nets, paper and pencils. It was planned that, if possible, the scholastics would continue their studies under

their imprisoned professors. The scholastics were therefore instructed to carry with them their textbooks and necessary reference works.

For the first five months of 1944, matters went along as peacefully as could be expected under the circumstances. But on the last day of May, the Japanese expelled our men from the archdiocesan seminary on San Marcelino Street. Whereupon the theological students and professors retreated to prepared positions in the Convento of San Augustin in Intramuros, where they were made welcome by the Augustinian friars.

But only five weeks later, on July 7, 1944, Japanese officials appeared at our communities, assembled all Americans, and informed them that they would be interned immediately. The following day about 400 American and Allied nationals were trucked into the campus of Santo Tomas. Practically all of them were religious workers—Protestant ministers and their families, and hundreds of priests, brothers and nuns. They were housed overnight in the gymnasium and we internees were forbidden to speak to them. But I managed to slip unnoticed into the gym and exchanged news with the brethren. Very early in the morning, they were carted away on trucks and shipped off to the internment camp at Los Banos, some forty miles southeast of Manila on the campus of the agricultural college of the University of the Philippines. There 77 American Jesuits, 47 priests, and 30 scholastics were to spend the next eight months. There they had the exquisite pleasure of starving in sight of fields of corn and sugar cane and of forests of cocoanut trees.

The *Status Si et Quando* now came fully into effect. But Fr. Siguion had to take care of contingencies that could not have been foreseen. Before the end of the year the Japanese had expelled all the Filipino Jesuits who remained at the Mission House or at the Convento of San Augustin from Intramuros. Here one may see the finger of divine providence using the enemy to drive our men to places of greater safety. For in the terrible Battle of Manila the Intramuros section was blown to bits, and our men could scarcely have survived. But this would make providence partisan, for some seventy or eighty friars, as Spanish considered neutral by the Japanese, were allowed to remain in Intramuros, and all were killed.

Bombing and joy

On September 21, 1944, the first American bombing attack on Manila occurred, to our great joy in Santo Tomas. With constant bombings thereafter and with the uncertainties of the situation, Fr. Siguion decided that a policy of dispersal would be best for the Filipino and Spanish Jesuits who had not been interned. La Ignaciana on the Pasig River still seemed fairly safe, and a large number of our fathers, scholastics, and brothers remained there. Fr. Siguion set up headquarters at the retreat house of Nazareth, conducted by the Filipina sisters of the congregation of Hijas de Jesus in the Sampaloc area of Manila. Other Jesuit priests were stationed in parishes in and about Manila. Groups of five or six scholastics, usually accompanied by a priest, managed to get out of the city into the provinces. One group was in Morong, Rizal, another in Pila, Laguna, a third in Baguio, and a fourth in Nueva Ecija. The philosophate on the Ateneo de Manila campus was broken up, but a handful of Jesuits remained at Padre Faura Street.

In the long months between the first appearance of American planes on September 21, 1944, and the liberation on February 3, 1945, conditions in the Santo Tomas internment camp reached their nadir. Not only were the American and Allied internees starving, but so were the people of Manila. The price of a sack of rice which in early 1944 had been the incredibly high price of 500 pesos on the black market soared to 5,000 pesos. And the profiteers were squirreling away what money they could. In anticipation of liberation, people were getting rid of their "Mickey Mouse" money; they would offer up to thirty pesos for an old Philippine note of one peso.

Increasing numbers of Japanese appeared at the camp. Not only did they move into the barracks at the main gate of the compound, but they set up tents on the grounds. Further, they took over the first floor of the education building, ejecting the Americans residing there. Room was made in other areas, already overcrowded.

During these long months, American air raids were frequent. We were constantly taking shelter as best we could when the alerts sounded. Frequently we observed the planes passing overhead in fairly large numbers. It was always a source of joy to see them, even though we hoped that their bombs would avoid Santo Tomas.

Rumors of American landings in the islands were frequent and

invariably false. But we did learn the day after it happened of the American invasion of Leyte and Samar on October 20, 1944. We were accustomed to announcements over the public address system, and the broadcasters, after giving the schedule for the next day, concluded with "Better Leyte than never!"

On Christmas Day, an American plane flew low over the camp and dropped thousands of leaflets. We were able to secure a number —our only Christmas card and a most welcome one. The message, obviously from the pen of Gen. MacArthur, read: "The Commander-in-Chief, the Officers and men of the American Forces of Liberation in the Pacific wish their gallant allies, the People of the Philippines, all the blessings of Christmas and the realization of their fervent hopes for the New Year. Christmas, 1944."

In the month of January, American planes appeared in increasing numbers in the skies over Manila. Rumors of American landings on Luzon were a dime a dozen. (The first landing occurred about mid-January.) Fires in the city were increasingly common, due either to American bombs or Japanese demolition squads. The rumor circulated that the Japanese intended to kill all the Americans in Santo Tomas before the American army could release us. Judging from our experiences at the hands of the Japanese, we were more than ready to lend credence to this particular rumor.

In the last days of January, we could hear the sounds of artillery fire coming from the outskirts of Manila, and the numbers of detonations of the demolition squads inside the city continued. The Japanese guards were obviously very nervous. They were burning their records and trucking away food and other supplies. As February began the demolitions continued. Santo Tomas seemed to be in a circle of huge fires in all parts of the city and the whole sky was filled with smoke.

Soon after sunset on February 3, we could hear heavy rifle and machine gun fire in many sections of the city. About 6:30 it was clear that the fighting was approaching Santo Tomas. Increasingly loud bursts of machine gun fire, hand grenades, and the rumbling of tanks came to a climax when a group of tanks burst through the fence in front of the compound, and we were greeted by obviously American voices. At once hysterical men, women, and children rushed from all quarters of the compound to greet our liberators.

But there was an ominous silence from the education building. There about fifty Japanese soldiers were situated, armed with rifles and machine guns; and they had as hostages in the building over 200 internees. Men of the First Cavalry Division surrounded the building with tanks and machine guns. The Japanese commandant sent out several of his officers and some internees to negotiate for a safe conduct to the Japanese lines. Negotiations went on for some time, while more American troops and equipment appeared on the campus. Eventually, on the morning of February 5, the Japanese, with their rifles and side arms, were escorted out of the compound to the Japanese lines.

Santo Tomas was now within the lines of the American Army. While we were rejoicing over our liberation and eating the first substantial meals in months, Manila was undergoing agony.

A large body of Japanese, both army and navy personnel, were trapped in Manila. Rather than surrender, they chose to deal out death and destruction until they themselves were killed. All throughout the city they set great fires. After concentrating in Manila south of the Pasig River, they blew up all the bridges. Especially in Ermita, where the Ateneo de Manila campus was, and in Malate, they turned on the civilians of Manila. Thousands upon thousands of Filipinos were massacred as the areas were destroyed. Others were killed accidentally by gunfire as American troops fought their way through the Japanese lines.

North of the Pasig River, at Santo Tomas, where we internees remained because there was no place else to go, we could see the smoke and fire, hear the constant rattle of gunfire and the pounding of shells. Nor did the Japanese forget us. On February 8 the Japanese shelled Santo Tomas, and they repeated the courtesy again on February 10 and 11.

Among those killed by the Japanese shelling was Fr. David Daly. The first few weeks of 1945 which witnessed our liberation cost us dearly in men. Not only was Fr. Daly killed, but two Filipino scholastics at the Ateneo de Manila met their deaths, Ricardo Pimentel and Francisco Lopez; and a third, Conrado Abrogina, was killed, together with a dozen nuns, by shellfire in Batangas. Another died of natural causes—if starvation can be considered a natural cause—Edward McGinty. We learned later of two other deaths:

Fr. Joseph Mulry at Los Banos concentration camp, and Fr. Carl Hausmann who, as a prisoner aboard a Japanese steamer, went down when an American sub sank the ship.

The last pockets of Japanese resistance were not destroyed until the end of February. At that time Manila was almost completely destroyed. In the opinion of men who had seen other ruined cities, Manila could be compared only to Coventry and Warsaw.

The brutal facts

Possibly the best way to describe the shambles of Manila is to cite the official U. S. Army history, *Triumph in the Philippines*, by Robert Ross Smith:

> The cost of retaking Manila had not been light. XIV Corps lost over 1,000 men killed and 5,500 wounded in the Metropolitan area from 3rd February through 3rd March. . . .
>
> The Japanese lost some 16,000 men killed in and around Manila. . . .
>
> The cost of the battle for Manila cannot be measured in military terms alone. The city was a shambles after the battle was over—much of it destroyed, damaged beyond repair, or reparable only at great expense in time and money. The public transportation system no longer existed; the water supply and sewage systems needed extensive repair; the electric power facilities did not function; most of the streets needed repaving; 39 of 100 or more large and small bridges had been destroyed, including the 6 over the Pasig River.
>
> The University of the Philippines and the Philippine General Hospital were largely irreparable. [It will be remembered that the Ateneo de Manila adjoined the hospital and was just across the street from the university.] Lower class residential districts north of the Pasig and upper class apartments south of the river had been destroyed; the Philippine Commonwealth's government center had been wiped out; the 400-year-old landmark of Intramuros had been nearly razed; severe damage had been inflicted on the economically important installations in the north and south Port Area; the industrialized Paco and Pandacan districts had been badly battered. Many buildings still standing would ultimately have to be torn down as unsafe for occupancy. Millions upon millions of dollars worth of damage had been done and, as a final shocking note of tragedy, an estimated 100,000 Filipino civilians had lost their lives during the battle.

In the meanwhile I was worried about the internees at Los Baños Internment Camp, where most of the American Jesuits were confined, still behind Japanese lines. On February 23 they were liberated by a joint operation of Filipino and American guerrillas

and American paratroopers. These fighting men disposed of the Japanese guards. Before the Nipponese could send reinforcements to the area, scores of amtracks had crossed Laguna de Bay, picked up over 2,000 internees and carried them safely to Muntinlupa behind the American lines.

On June 8, 1945, Gen. MacArthur proclaimed the end of the war on the island of Luzon.

Now we had to pick up the pieces and begin anew.

With the end of the fighting in Manila—though we could for some weeks hear the continual warfare just outside the city in the Marikina Valley—I left Santo Tomas and resumed my office as superior of the Jesuits in the Philippines. With my socius Fr. Greer and my secretary Fr. John McNicholas I moved into quarters at Nazareth that Fr. Siguion had used. Shortly we shifted to a school conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Ghost, and then found semi-permanent quarters with the Filipina Augustinian Sisters at their Consolacion College on San Raphael Street in Manila.

My first preoccupation was with our brethren. Very many were in poor shape after long months of incarceration and starvation. As an example, I can adduce myself; I had lost almost 100 pounds in weight. I decided that my first objective was to see that the men had a chance to recuperate. As shipping, provided by the American armed forces, became available, I ordered many of the American priests and scholastics back to the United States. The general policy was to keep just a skeleton crew on the job until these men got their strength back at home. To the States also I sent as many Filipino scholastics as possible to continue their education. A catalog which we drew up under date of December 12, 1945, indicates that we then had 179 Jesuits in the islands; some 70 had been sent to the United States.

By that time we had been able to evaluate the material situation of the mission. In Mindanao, matters were in better shape than in Luzon. As I have mentioned, the Filipino and Spanish padres had remained at their posts. Now they were reinforced by those American Jesuits who had taken to the boondocks and evaded capture all during the war. Our church and convento in the town of Zamboanga had been completely destroyed, as had been our Ateneo in Cagayan de Oro on the northern coast.

The destruction in the Manila area had been almost total. The Ateneo de Manila campus on Padre Faura Street was a scene of total desolation; all that had not been flattened were a few sections of adobe walls. The buildings in Intramuros, the church of San Ignacio, the Mission House, the Ateneo grade school, were totally destroyed. The buildings of the seminary of San Jose at Balintawak were wrecked. Outside Manila, the Ateneo de Naga still stood; but we had for the time to abandon it. It was not yet practicable to repair the structure and reopen the school.

Our novitiate and juniorate of the Sacred Heart at Novaliches, north of Manila, still stood. It had been occupied first by the Japanese and then by the American armed forces. It was in fairly good shape, but we could not, for the time, send our men there. It was too dangerous. In the chaotic conditions just after the war, many of the self-styled guerrillas returned to their proper occupations as bandits. And already in the Sierra Madre mountains nearby there began to appear the Hukbalahaps, the Communist guerrillas who were to plague the Philippines for years. Not until May 1946 was the area about Novaliches sufficiently secure for our men to return.

La Ignaciana

Gratefully we noted that one major house in the Manila area had escaped the ravages of war—La Ignaciana on the Pasig. Here we concentrated the Filipino padres and scholastics who had made their way back from the provinces, and here we assembled the Josefinos. La Ignaciana was bursting at the seams. At first it was practically a refugee camp, but it gradually resumed the normal appearance of a Jesuit community. The novices re-established the orderly progression of their days, the Juniors conned their Latin and Greek with occasional glances out of windows that showed scenes of desolation, those Filipino scholastics who had not yet enough philosophy to begin theological studies in the States wrestled with hylomorphism.

To reopen the Ateneo de Manila with teachers who were physical wrecks in a totally ruined city seemed to me an impossibility. But I was prodded to get the school started again, especially by the American padre, Austin Dowd and the Filipino scholastic, Miguel Bernad. In the hunt for some sort of house to shelter the students,

Fr. Dowd walked his emaciated frame on weakened legs indefatigably among the ruins of Manila. Eventually he found a location on Plaza Guipit in the Sampaloc area. Here in the ashes of Manila, the Blue Eagle, like the phoenix, stirred again to life.

With joy and relief we began to welcome back to the islands the trickle of Filipino and American Jesuits belonging to the Philippine Mission who had been in studies in the United States when the war broke out and who now returned, eager to take up the slack.

On December 15, 1945, after nine memorable years as superior of the Jesuit mission in the Philippines, I gladly relinquished my office and turned over its duties to Fr. Leo A. Cullum.

A NIGHT IN RESURRECTION CITY

a visit and an impression

HORACE B. MCKENNA, S.J.

RESURRECTION CITY, the Poor People's camp-site, attracted me as a Washington inner-city parish priest, and I wished to spend the night there. After making half a dozen or so visits to the Encampment, I found a man who kindly assured me that I could spend the night in his tent.

Resurrection City was spread out in front of the Lincoln Memorial and beside the Reflecting Pool on a ten-acre green lawn. Several hundred A-shaped plywood huts stretched out in rows and housed from five to fifteen hundred persons of all ages. With traffic and frequent heavy rains the sward soon turned to a quagmire of brown clay mud, from one to six inches deep, which lay in pools between the catwalks.

One night about five o'clock I came to the City and circulated among a friendly group I had met. A Jesuit scholastic from the West often stayed with this group, and Father James Groppi in the midst of his Commandos, always took time to give one a gracious welcome. When I was sure of a place to stay, I took off my clerical collar and black coat and stowed them away. Still I was usually treated with a kind of special deference, especially by my host. While wandering around I spoke to a stalwart young man, and together we sauntered the long way across the Arlington bridge,

and up to the Tomb of President Kennedy, and over to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and we watched the final public change of Guard. We talked about his city, his people, and his education. But when he looked back over the long road of the bridge toward the distant Memorial, fatigue overcame him, I thumbed the way home for the two of us with a couple of visitors.

Arriving back about suppertime, we went to the food table beside a tub of burning charcoals. I found a burnt hot-dog, and my friend offered me a roll. But as it was the last one in the bag, I left it for someone hungrier than myself, and I made the hot-dog suffice.

On the edge of dark I went to the hut of my host who was very gracious in offering me what he had to share in his accommodations. His hut had several inner sections, some with cots, some bare. I chose merely to sit on a camp chair against the wall of his hut, while he carried on lively conversations a few steps ahead on the edge of his plywood porch. He had three or four extra chairs, and various people dropped by or sat down, all through the night until about midnight. Around ten o'clock a group began singing about ten rows behind us, and a loudspeaker from City Hall invited all to a talent show then going on in the community meeting tent.

Many of those who sat down on my host's chairs were talkative. My host frequently lifted his quart bottle to his lips. The talk was blistered with anatomical vulgarity, but there was almost no blasphemy or talk against religion. Once a visitor let out a curse reflecting on religion, and my host said angrily, "apologize to that old priest back there." At once the young man reached back in the dark and shook my hand and good-naturedly apologized. Also there were occasional denunciations of the "white man," and even talk of violence against him. But several times the host or the speaker would say, referring to my slouching self, "not this old man back there."

A woolly headed hippie

Among the wanderers who sat down on our chairs was a woolly headed hippie, a white youth about twenty-two, who had evidently lodged a few nights in my host's tent. Now the host began to blame him for everything, his missing articles, his disordered hut. Such angry words ensued that I feared a fight. But finally the hippie gathered up his bedding and belongings and went off into the night.

Towards midnight, when my host saw that I had not fallen asleep, he said to me, "go back there and lie down inside." I went inside to one of the several compartments, and found a cot, in the dark. I did not know if it was one cot or two, or if there was anyone lying on it. I eased my body off the ground, let my feet stick out, and dropped off to sleep until about five o'clock.

On awakening in the light about, I found my host furious because his house had been disordered, and he blamed the hippie former occupant. As he went outside to start a fire in a barrel, I tried to straighten up my cot, and the interior of the disordered place, hanging up damp clothing and utensils wherever I could find a nail in the wall.

Coming into the open, I watched my host and helped him clear up the area. In the night I had kicked over a jar of cooked lima beans. My host said at once, "never mind that." Now I could not find a spoon to gather up the mess, I had to use two flat sticks. My friend spoke continuously of making coffee, but he never did anything but raise to his lips his new vessel, this time a partially filled jug. Finally I thanked him heartily and wandered off to the "Food Tent."

In the "Food Tent" I found some coffee, but instant coffee, requiring that you take it to your own tent and make your own hot water. So I got some watered milk and some boxed cereal from the four young ladies serving at the long table. They identified themselves as "Religious of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," who came in each morning early from their suburban Stoneridge Academy.

The whole encampment was slowly awakening and going about its self maintenance. The registration booth was active, the loudspeaker from City Hall was blaring, and there were three large piles of the Washington *Post* at hand for those interested. Children ran around or played with muddy toys. At the Seventh Day Adventist Emergency Health Trailer the doctor and the nurse gave a feeling of protection. A young man spoke to me quietly of the need of unity among the marshals, and told of an attempted raid on the refrigerated food truck. About five percent of the people were white. They seemed as much at home as anyone else, as they walked over the muddy catwalks or stepped cautiously around the quagmire pools.

King and Kennedy

Dr. Martin Luther King, who conceived this "Poor People's Encampment," must have helped them from heaven. So also must Senator Robert F. Kennedy, whose body was carried slowly past it in the dark, a last sad visit to his friends. It was the hopeful genius of the Poor People to have given their city a name, not like "Disability Town," but like St. Paul in his outburst before the Sanhedrin, a name which contains the whole Christian message of eternal life, "Resurrection City."

Theirs was a lobby of bodies, not of cash, like the oil or gas or airlines lobbies. They were a Banquo's ghost for Congress; they could not be downed. They showed that Poor Power could stand up and be counted. Their spirit, if not their force, was active in the five billion dollar housing bill passed by the Senate, in increased allotments for food stamps, and in two decisions of the Supreme Court: ruling out discrimination in housing, and permitting, as most of the States hitherto do not permit, that an unemployed father may remain home with his wife and family even when they are on welfare.

Association with God's poor, as on June 19th Solidarity Day march or at other times, makes one feel the nobility of mankind, the heroism and fortitude which the creator has built into the nature of the common man whose only end is God. One can better understand why God the Father loves man, why God the Son became man, why the Holy Spirit lives in man and locks him in love to God and to his fellow-man.

NEW YORK PROVINCE RENEWAL

a look at Fordham and the high schools

The following two reports form Appendices II and III to the New York Province's "Program for Renewal" (16 September 1968). They are not New York Province policy, but simply represent the studied opinions of those Jesuits the New York provincials called together to ponder the two areas selected. The reports were written and published at the request of the spring 1969 Morristown Conference, the second pan-province conference on renewal; the conference requested the further studies because it did not itself have the time to go as deeply into the values, problems and futures of Fordham and the secondary schools as it thought necessary. The editors of WOODSTOCK LETTERS *thank Rev. Daniel F. X. Meenan, S.J., Assistant to the Regional Provincial of New York, and the chairmen of the two committees, for permission to publish the reports.*

Report of the special committee on fordham university *

Prefatory note

WE, THE MEMBERS OF THIS COMMITTEE, found ourselves compelled to remark on the relative swiftness and ease with which (once the tedious preparatory work had been done) we came to the consensus reflected in these recommendations—a consensus generally shared by Fordham and non-Fordham members alike. We were, we inferred, a pretty homogeneous group, in age, experience and pre-

* In the Morristown Conference Report, the Paper on Higher Education states: ". . . we recommend that Father Provincial appoint a group of Jesuits to discuss and make recommendations on the Jesuit commitment and involvement in the educational apostolate at Fordham University. This group should include a substantial number of Jesuits actually engaged in the educational apostolate at Fordham" (p. 9). It was also stated: ". . . we will also, as you asked, publish to the Province the results of this committee work" (p. 40). The occasion of the publication to the Province of our program for renewal seems an apt time to fulfill this pledge.

occupation. This homogeneity was a piece of good fortune for which, perhaps, we ought only to express our gratitude to those who appointed us for this work.

It will doubtless occur to readers of this report that, had a wider spectrum of views been represented, the resulting recommendations might well have been different. This, of course, should be borne in mind by those who would gauge the force and spirit of the recommendations we make here. But we are who we are, and have said what we honestly concluded had to be said.

The Committee:

Rev. Robert J. O'Connell, S.J., Chairman
Rev. John D. Boyd, S.J.
Rev. Robert I. Canavan, S.J.
Rev. Edwin D. Cuffe, S.J.
Rev. Frederick J. Dillemuth, S.J.
Rev. James C. Finlay, S.J.
Rev. Albert J. Loomie, S.J.
Rev. John S. Nelson, S.J.
Rev. James J. Ruddick, S.J.
Rev. William A. Scott, S.J.
Rev. Walter E. Stokes, S.J.

By way of preamble

a) Fordham: an American university

1. To understand Fordham, it is necessary to recognize that it is no longer a small Catholic college for men, loosely affiliated with a cluster of professional schools. It is an institution of higher learning that has taken on a life of its own, with all the strengths and strains of the evolving American university.

2. The students are different from the students of thirty, twenty or even ten years ago. Like their contemporaries in other universities, they are critical, demanding and unwilling to submit to regulations formed without their consent. They are highly qualified, competitive and increasingly interested in academic careers. They expect Fordham to provide them with an educational experience

which will be richer and more meaningful than that offered by other universities. Graduate students are drawn from a wider variety of backgrounds, and they have begun to play a much more active role in the student life of the University, expressing their own demands, articulating their own priorities.

3. The faculty is different. Lay professors are in the majority in all but one or two departments. No longer are they typically the graduates of Fordham or other Catholic institutions. A larger proportion are non-Catholics. They are selected for their academic competence and, like their peers in other American universities, they insist on a role in shaping university policy. They would not come to Fordham, nor would they stay, unless they found an atmosphere where academic freedom prevailed, where promotion was based on professional competence and where intellectual creativity was encouraged.

4. Fordham's administration is different. It is larger and more complex. Laymen fill many of the most significant posts. The possibility of a Jesuit impact coming from above has necessarily and legitimately declined. As in other American universities, policy must be developed in consultation with the faculty and, to a greater and greater extent, with the students as well.

b) Financial and legal situation

1. Before making any sweeping proposals or reaching any firm decisions suggesting any concrete action, this Committee should ideally have made a detailed review of Fordham's financial position and prospects for the future. Such a review was impossible. One feature of the financial situation, seems, however, to be clear: not only Fordham, but the private American university more generally, finds that maintaining a large university above the level of mediocrity demands expenditures of money far beyond what tuition and gifts can supply. Thus there is an increasing urgency for public aid, if Fordham is to continue its pursuit of excellence. Substantial insertion of Jesuit talent and manpower can hardly be justified unless the University continues this pursuit of excellence.

2. As long, however, as the Fordham position demands that the President of the University be a Jesuit, and that the Trustees all be Jesuits, it may well be that the State cannot, or will not, supply this

funding. Accordingly, it is not so paradoxical as it may sound to say that continued effective "Jesuit presence" at Fordham may actually be imperiled by insistence on continued "Jesuit control" of the University. We may be faced, therefore, with the need of making a graceful, gradual, and rationally planned withdrawal from positions of ownership and administrative authority, and of achieving a profounder influence by concentrating on the real and effective Jesuit presence as faculty members.

3. The Gerli Foundation study, now under way, is determining what changes in administrative structure and in the composition of the Board of Trustees would give Fordham a parity with other private universities in New York State and elsewhere in regard to obtaining public support. The results of that study should clarify Fordham's legal position in this important matter of finance.

I) Jesuit presence and impact at Fordham

a) Jesuit and lay faculty

Given the present stage of Fordham's evolution as a university, sketched above, it seems clear that the quality, emphasis and volume of Jesuit presence there, will and should be more decidedly in its faculty than in its administration. Hence it seems important to make the following observations about Jesuit commitment to the University faculty and about our relationship with the non-Jesuit faculty.

1. *Jesuit Faculty.* a) Because of the specifically academic nature of our apostolate at the University, the primary norm for selecting the Jesuit faculty should be the same as that for selecting the faculty of any good university—professional academic competence. For a university to be truly Catholic, it must first be substantively a university. In an important and overriding sense, then, Jesuit presence and apostolic efficacy will be strongest in proportion to this excellence, since this is the personal and corporate focus of our apostolic endeavors.

With this in mind, Jesuit academic presence should, ideally at least, be as varied and universal as possible, not only to be pervasive, but more importantly, so as truly to reflect the wholeness or totality of knowledge essentially involved in the ideals of a liberal education and of university scholarship.

b) Inside this ideal, our scholarly and educational purposes should be characteristically Catholic in fostering and bearing academic witness to the whole of human culture in a Catholic manner. The more particular witness we bear to the specifically Catholic and Christian elements of this culture constitutes a vital service to our modern, pluralistic American society. While, on the one hand, we would shun any merely propagandistic or apologetic kind of service, on the other, as Jesuit scholars and teachers we have a unique opportunity and, indeed, demand upon us to explain and develop the peculiar contribution of the tradition of Catholic faith and wisdom to the American and larger human culture. In this, our function must be both general in scope yet specific in focus, and in this way it will be our substantial contribution to ecumenical living in our pluralistic society.

c) It follows that our corporate and personal presence should not be limited to any specific academic disciplines. The nature of a university, rather than any pragmatic though well-intended patchwork of means-to-ends, should guide our policy of Jesuit presence. The variety of natural talents and interests should guide the preparation of young Jesuits for faculty positions. It is natural to expect that religiously dedicated men will frequently opt to specialize in Theology in larger numbers than in other subjects. Indeed, one peculiarly characteristic contribution that a Catholic university has to offer resides in this area. But we should not consider this our unique and exclusive or even necessarily dominant contribution. A larger view of Catholic culture is both necessary and, with the passing years, becoming more and more clear. We should stress the importance of the Jesuit contribution at Fordham in all fields of scholarship.

d) To maintain our apostolate at the same level of efficacy, five or six Jesuits with doctoral degrees must be added to the Fordham faculty each year. Of the 128 Jesuits now engaged in teaching at the University, within fifteen years 63 will no longer be on the faculty, owing to mandatory retirement. Care should be taken that specific planning be done to fill the needs of specific departments by consultation in advance. An assurance of stability is a necessary part of professorial efficacy, and should be recognized by Superiors in assigning men to this work.

e) Finally, strong emphasis should be placed on our communal presence at Fordham, as opposed to a merely personal or individual presence at some other university. Corporate effort and efficacy among those with such strong cultural coherence cannot be underestimated. A university is a community of scholars. Our Jesuit unity adds an enviable quality to this fundamental community, readily recognized where effective. This does not preclude occasional periods of study and teaching at other universities, which can have their own enriching effects, but the corporate presence of Jesuits at Fordham should be considered a very important contribution to the work of the Society and of the Church in the university apostolate.

2. *Lay Faculty.* The cooperation of lay faculty is essential to our educational endeavors. The example of dedicated laymen can be most persuasive in demonstrating that Christian faith is compatible with academic professionalism. Equally indispensable is the presence on our faculties of scholars whose dedication to truth commits them to a profession of belief different from our own.

b) Implications of Jesuit presence

1. Jesuits at Fordham influence the University community primarily as scholars and educators. This must be acknowledged as their primary mode of *personalis alumnorum cura.* Students have always responded as much to the person of the teacher as to the content of his course. Today's students affirm more explicitly that people, above all, make the difference in their lives. Since his religious life and his priesthood form part of a Jesuit's personal definition, his impact will be not just that of a scholar, but also that of a priest and a religious.

2. The influence of a Jesuit upon his students inescapably extends to other areas. Much of the counseling done by Jesuits, academic or otherwise, is a prolongation of classroom contact. Classroom contact has also led to less formal liturgical celebrations, to days of discussion and recollection, and to social action beyond the confines of the University.

3. There is a more organized and programmed form of Jesuit presence which is centered mainly in the Office of the University Chaplain—an administrative post which as yet has no detailed job

description, but which has been taking its shape according to the needs of the University community which it serves. It has made its most striking impact in the area of liturgical life. The Eucharist is celebrated throughout the day in the many chapels of the University in an experimental, yet responsible, way. This is designed to help the varied groupings of the University to worship with both reverence and spontaneity. The University Chaplain is responsible for scheduling the Masses; members of the Jesuit Community preside at the liturgies on a voluntary basis. They also volunteer for the scheduled times of Confession.

4. The University Chaplain provides other opportunities for worship on a more occasional basis: series of University sermons, communal celebrations of penance, services for the great feast-days, weddings and funerals. Relatively large numbers of the Jesuit Community have participated actively in this ministry.

5. Much of the work formerly associated with the Student Counsellor has been taken over by other offices of the University. Today's students prefer informal to programmed guidance. The Office of the Student Counsellor still exists in attenuated form and is in a state of transition.

6. Some student religious activities are organized in so far as they have budgets, office space, elections, visible membership, etc. The CCD comes under the University Chaplain, has a large student membership, and contributes to the catechetical work of the Archdiocese. The Sodality has sponsored lecture series for the entire student body. Originally from the Sodality, but now independently of it, student groups have been formed which meet for three- to five-day periods away from the campus, to discuss topics pertinent to their lives as Christians. In all these activities, the students seek and welcome Jesuit support and participation, but not Jesuit control.

7. The sketch of the Jesuits at Fordham would not be complete without the inclusion of the Community at Murray-Weigel Hall. A large number of its members have been exerting a strong and positive influence upon the students of the University. They not only participate in the campus liturgies, but they assume leadership in their planning and execution. They take part in the days of discussion and reflection away from campus. They engage in catechetical

instruction and in social action. They mix with their fellow students in a free and friendly manner, which opens an opportunity for the working of God's grace.

II) Jesuit impact on the wider community

A. Increasingly over recent years, Fordham Jesuit faculty members have enriched the academic world with scores of high-caliber scholarly publications. But their contribution to the non-academic world was eloquently illustrated in Fr. Joseph Fitzpatrick's (avowedly incomplete) sketch of these endeavors at the Morristown Conference. Some of those contributions need only be recalled here: they include the now-defunct Nativity Project; professional training of Negro and Puerto Rican minority groups to cope with their problems in education and social action; direction of the Community Action Legal Services project, providing legal services for the poor; the economic survey of the Bronx and the plans for the economic development of the Brooklyn Navy Yard area. The report cited, as well, work in developing new TV and film techniques for educating the disadvantaged. Fordham Jesuits have also been involved in research on the causes and treatment of juvenile delinquency, and in the establishment of the Institute of Intercultural Communication in Ponce, Puerto Rico.

It should be stressed that all of these activities represent, in Fitzpatrick's words, the kinds of "university service which require a high level of training and skill, but which can be provided only by university personnel"—a typically university-level style of impact, but one that is indispensable to those engaged in the more immediate and short-run types of influence on these varied problems.

B. The specifically Catholic contribution of Fordham as a university became clear when a highly satisfactory Seminar for Bishops was held to ponder the implications of the Second Vatican Council for the American scene. Comparable programs drawing on Fordham's unique resources have been offered in the past to Religious Superiors, to Guidance Counsellors, and to high-school teachers of religion, among other groups.

III) Jesuits and the university administration

a) The board of trustees

The conclusions of the Gerli Foundation study (see above) may introduce some more specific requirements about the constitution of the Board of Trustees. But meantime, the following observations can confidently be made:

1. The evolution of this University in breadth and variety of personnel must be reflected in a broader composition of its Board of Trustees.

2. This should include representatives from all segments of the community—Catholic and other—which the University serves.

3. The membership of the Board of Trustees should include academic people from other universities. In order to provide the faculty with an effective voice in shaping University policies, study should be given to the advisability of including some senior faculty members from the University itself.

4. A primary consideration in selecting Trustees should be their understanding of and commitment to Fordham's traditions and educational ideals.

b) Other administrative posts

Decisions as to what posts are to be held by Jesuits should be made by the competent University authorities, in the light of available manpower, qualifications, and the needs of the University at the time.

IV) The jesuit community at fordham

A. This Committee was of the view that the remarks on Community in the Morristown report were applicable to all communities, and did not constitute a specifically university, or Fordham University, problem. In so far as such problems exist, they should be dealt with by already functioning Community Councils.

B. One caution might usefully be entered here: the Fordham "Kremlin" (Loyola and Faber Halls) tends to impress the outsider—students and younger Jesuits included—as a somewhat monolithic and forbidding enclave. Its reality, though, is more complex. Our

experience is that, at Fordham at least, the large community tends naturally to form into a number of nuclear communities, on the basis both of interest and congeniality; that these (for the most part) blend easily into one another and into the single whole, depending on occasions; that their presence inside a single large community helps to keep them from becoming isolated and relatively close-minded cliques.

C. Would the formation of much smaller communities (twenty-five or so would seem too large for this) encourage a kind of social contact with interested students, with additional apostolic impact? It would be valuable to compare the experience of apartment-living and its advantages in this respect.

Conclusion: Jesuit commitment to Fordham

A fundamental postulate of these recommendations has been that the primary role of the university is intellectual, that is, involvement in the scholarly and intellectual world which seeks to preserve that which is valuable in man's heritage; to develop new knowledge and new perceptions of truth which contribute to man's continued enrichment; to form today's youth intellectually to receive the legacy of the past and to participate effectively in the intellectual work of the future. Therefore, scholarly work, research, writing and counseling define the dimensions of the contribution a university makes to the city of man. This is related both directly and indirectly to the more immediate styles of the contemporary apostolate: the measure of the impact a university makes is not exclusively its influence on the scholarly world but also on the civic community as well. Fordham has tried to respond to some of the more urgent social and economic questions arising from our ever-expanding urban megalopolis. The work done by members of the Fordham Community has been far-reaching in its apostolic and social implications and effectiveness.

We must, however, be alert to the danger of accepting quick and falsely apologetic solutions to problems of either an academic or sociological nature. There is no substitute for solid intellectual scholarship and patient research in those areas where the movement of ideas is a vital under-current to social, economic, political and

ecclesial changes. The Society's historic sensitivity to the power of ideas has, from Trent onwards, traditionally placed her in the forefront of this type of work. The singular service that a Jesuit university can contribute to the Church and to human culture, at this moment in history, dictates that we make every effort to continue supplying men to the work that is being done at Fordham.

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Report of the special committee on secondary education *

I) Toward a vision

THE FOLLOWING THREE COMMENTS are meant to be simultaneous translations of the one vision of the committee of what the Jesuit secondary school ought to be. In a way, they add up to a philosophy; however, they do not thereby suggest a predigested abstraction which provides all the answers. As will be seen, the Jesuit school itself must always be in process; it must be a matter of creation for both the teachers and the students involved.

(a) The old and new mandate

Two of the essential marks of the early Society were that it was involved in the meaningful crises of its time and that it was adaptable not only to changes of concepts but, perhaps more important, to changes in process and manner of imparting this knowledge. Vatican II, by opening up the view of the Catholic church to a world-wide perspective and by emphasizing and by releasing the changes necessary to bring Christ into the heart of the world, has re-stated most strongly these early qualities of the Society. The Church now has the mandate to become oriented to problems and

* In the Morristown Conference Report, the Paper on Secondary Education states: "It is the unanimous judgment of this Conference that the Provincial for Secondary Education set up the best and strongest committee, composed of men with ideas about these questions, to study them and report prior to the meeting of the Fathers Provincial in July" (p. 21).

to change. By some strange paradox, the most advanced secular educational theory is also promoting the same two characteristics: (1) learning by creative and productive solutions to actual problems, and (2) discovering structures of change necessary to implement this process. This committee believes that the Society of Jesus, because of its tradition of suppleness and its ability to face actual problems, has a unique opportunity in its educational institutions to combine the mandate of the Church and the most effective educational practice of our time.

The Christian must find Christ in the world. We feel that it is the duty of a Jesuit school to allow our students to discover by action, by creativity and by experience the many faces of Christ hidden in the multiple problems of the world.

We feel that growth in Christian knowledge can be effected only by the creative application of all the student's power to *all* of the actual problems of his real environment.

The characteristic marks of this kind of education would be:

(1) that it deal in thematic units rather than with fragmented bits of information,

(2) that the student learn by discovery rather than by the acquisition of pre-packaged answers,

(3) that the student learn in his real, total environment rather than by being confined to an isolated school building,

(4) that the teaching process use all contemporary media rather than relying exclusively on the traditional media of the textbook and the spoken word,

(5) that there be as much concern that the student learn how to learn as there is for his mastery of the subject matter,

(6) that there be a recognition of vastly different growth rates in individual students,

(7) that there are certain goals which can be achieved only if the faculty plan, implement, and evaluate together,

(8) that it be recognized that the very physical facilities of the school must form an environment in which creative learning is possible.

We feel that these qualities are not merely good educational

devices but that they are absolutely essential for the development of a Christian attitude which would not be self-centered, but which would be involved creatively in the problems of the real world; which would, in other words, engage the student in the task committed to him by St. Ignatius and Vatican II.

(b) Faith or despair

Contemporary theologians repeat again and again that all fixed formulas of revelation are inadequate expressions of the fullness of revelation in Jesus Christ. Revelation may also occur in our living, particularly when we respond in charity to our fellow man or when we mentally conquer the secrets of the universe in which we live.

Jesuit education must take this as a starting point. Our attitude must be that the more a student experiences and creates, the more possibility there is that he will encounter the revealing God. Where do our schools and teachers fit in? They must first of all provoke and broaden these experiences; secondly, they must channel the student and his responses so that God *can* be found. For God will not be the knapsack the student carries with him; he will be the undiscovered horizon toward which the student travels and which draws him on in his explorations.

This contemporary student, moreover, experiences more diverse and confusing situations than ever before. Through the media, he lives in a burning land in Southeast Asia, watches students like himself in physical struggle with their schools and the police in New York and Paris, and agonizes with the destitute mother of ten in Appalachia. These experiences can either prod him to build a Christianity of the future which explains this world or drive him to cynicism about the value of the human effort. The Jesuit school must take up the effort of promoting the former. We must set about finding ways to help him in this.

In summary, we must:

(1) encourage the student to experience more of this world,

(2) get him to respond by creatively expressing his reaction, and

(3) help him to see these experiences as loci of faith rather than of despair.

(c) A vision of service

We feel that we should never lose sight of the ideal that Jesuit education should be unique and that its uniqueness should come not only from its academic competence or humanistic insights, but from its creative vision which teaches, not in words alone, a loyalty and vision which comes from service within the Church.

Today, we consider that the strongest force for ferment and change is student initiative and power. We cannot suppress this power by ignoring it nor can we solve such restlessness by giving in to it. We can harness it by directing it and involving it in a new type of "reality education."

We believe that a school should enable a boy to grow up with his peers but that he should never be isolated from the problems of his times. Whether we like it or not, young men will eventually involve themselves in their own adolescent way into movements of reaction. We could establish pilot schools which could tap this adolescent restlessness by pinning them to an exacting, relevant program of experiential study which would toss them directly into encounters with the poor and at the same time control their naive reactions by showing them how to cope with a problem without destroying, but rather by building.

We have found the in-service center concept to be one of the valuable and educative aspects of emotional growth. Through monitored experience, the idealistic, restless student no longer makes a career of adolescence but gracefully steps into adult attitudes and idealism. We think that we should enable the student by truly creative scheduling and programming to taste, feel and work with the major problems of his times. He can be guided into experiencing the conflict of the Rich and the Poor, the White and the Black, and the multiple developments of communications and media.

We also feel that we can do this through the Church and especially through the ministerial structure of the Society of Jesus where for once the student might get a realistic view of the vital and compassionate Christ at work. (Cf. R. McGuire, S.J., "New Viewpoints on Foreign and Domestic Service in Jesuit Education," *The Jesuit* [March-April, 1968].)

II) Implementing the vision

In this matter we must rush in where angels fear to tread. Disturbing the structure of fifty- or hundred-year-old schools is tricky business, but somewhere a beginning must be made. The committee selects four areas for specific comment.

(a) The mechanism of change

The committee is deeply concerned about the fact that nothing has been done about the many valuable recommendations and evaluations of past documents and committees such as itself.

(1) We feel that there have been difficulties at all levels of educational structure which militate against the implementation of change. Some of these difficulties are self-satisfaction, apathy, insecurity, lack of time, lack of professional information, and a certain one-sided and monolithic quality in the decision-making process.

(2) We recommend, therefore, that certain immediate and practical steps be taken:

(A) that Fr. Provincial, as soon as possible (perhaps even for the July meeting), consult with professional help to advise him how a school system can overcome these obstacles to change. Such professional organizations have already been most useful to school systems and to business organizations in beginning and continuing the necessary process of self-renewal.

(B) that evaluating committees be set up, comprised of members from outside the particular institution to be judged; that the negative report of such an evaluating committee would result in such steps as the removal of the personnel blocking the necessary changes, the phasing out of the school, etc.; that such evaluation be made frequently, perhaps even every two years.

(C) that a Research and Development office be set up at the provincial level; that the function of this office would be to communicate to the members of the province the latest developments in education and the opportunities available for improvement, to assist each

school practically in implementing the discoveries they have made; that a corresponding committee be set up in each school.

(b) Flexibility of curriculum and method

We need teachers who are possessed of the true Catholic attitude of mind which should be soaring, anti-pedantic, open-minded, and filled with respect for reality. We need what someone has called the evocative teacher who brings out responses that are personal and dynamic, and who knows that human growth is experimental, slow but curious, real only if independent, assisted only if encouraged, successful only after floundering. This is . . . the time to study how to improve our schools and to endeavor to make them more adapted to a world which is taking shape and being put together before our very eyes. There must be room for experimentation and innovation in our educational planning. Our schools must never confine themselves to past patterns.[1]

The spirit of our times, the spirit of the Church and the findings of developmental psychology all indicate strongly that effective and Christian education of adolescents must concentrate primarily on *personal* assimilation by students of skills and insights; on *individualized* learning according to competence, readiness and interest of each student; on more opportunity for each student to share in the decisions and responsibility in his own education. These goals cannot be reached through a school program of fixed schedule of 45-minute periods, of segmented subjects and forced uniform progress.

Therefore we recommend *as essential* that each high school plan and implement a flexible program along the following lines. (Many of the following ideas are already operative in the best American high schools.)

(1) *Subject areas:* We consider these five subject areas essential for each year:

(a) Communications (Languages, literature, art, film, etc.)
(b) Science
(c) Mathematics
(d) Social Sciences
(e) Theology

[1] Letter of Father General Arrupe to the Western Catholic Education Association, *JEQ* 30 (1967) 128.

Faculty teams should establish the basic content for each area for each year. They will also plan for inter-area programs. (Cf. (5) below.)

(2) *Individualized program and levels:* Appropriate faculty teams should decide the level of competence of each student in each area, and the student's program should be planned accordingly. The faculty team should find or develop equivalency tests to determine each student's level. Those students who have demonstrated—at the beginning of the year or later—sufficient competence to by-pass the basic instruction in an area, can be set free for a program of independent study under a mentor, or begin a special project under a mentor. Those students who show little or no competence in an area will spend as much time as needed to assimilate it, using as much as possible programmed learning materials. There may be intermediate levels with appropriate programs. The program of all students must include group discussion and conferences with teachers so that their learning may move *toward* a more creative or synthetic method.

(3) *Variability of groups:* Large-group instruction should be limited to occasional lectures, films, and the presentation of material that can best be presented in that way. Normal procedure should be small-group discussions, projects, meetings with teachers and individual study and work. This, of course, will necessitate changes in the way we presently use instructional space: more small rooms, study carrels, resource centers, teachers' offices, etc. There is already, however, much easily convertible space: activities offices, cafeterias, etc.

(4) *The amount of time* given to any particular subject by an individual or group will vary with the needs of the individual and group. Once a student in a lower group has mastered the material considered minimal for that group, he may be moved to a higher level and a more independent method of discovery and instruction.

(5) *Interdisciplinary learning:* At least one semester project should cross subject-area lines to synthesize insights dis-

covered in the separate areas, e.g., violence as a factor in history, religion, literature, films, art. At least one of these cross-discipline projects should include theology. At least one project per semester should be a group project, to capitalize on the essentially social aspects of learning.

(6) *Faculty coordinating items:* To organize, coordinate, and assess progress in these projects, each year should have a coordinating team composed of teachers in each of the five areas mentioned in (1). It will be their function to judge which ability/performance level a particular student should enter, discuss his particular program and assess its progress with the individual student, judge when the student is ready to move up to another level, etc. We estimate that there should be a team of five teachers for every eighty students.

The team must meet frequently at scheduled times. In many cases, the help of paraprofessionals is recommended, e.g., novices, teacher trainees, former-teacher parents, etc. This function would also be an opportune way to evaluate potential regents. The school librarian can be a crucial factor in planning programs. The teachers will need a new professional understanding of their changed role in a changed program.

Conclusion: We feel strongly that such a flexible structure is an *essential* means to attain the goals indicated in part one. There we recommend that each school be required to begin next September a year-long study and plan of such a new system. The faculty will need help to understand and accept it.

The new program in each school should begin in September, 1969, and be fully in operation in the academic year, 1970-71.

(c) Selecting students

One prerequisite to asserting our own distinctiveness is a willingness to risk the charge of arrogance because our admissions policy seems to claim we are better than everyone else. If we do not take that risk we will *be* no better than anyone else.

We must make the decision to leave the training of rich or poor untalented students to someone else, who are most often better

trained and better able to do that job than we are. We do not ordinarily enlist young men in our novitiates who are even trainable to teach basic or remedial subjects, and our present Masters Degree program makes such teachers from our ranks even less likely. We can be kind, make the coming-to-school pleasant, but someone else is eminently more efficient and professional in that area. This tightening of admissions policies would also go a long way to easing our problems of recruitment among scholastics and young priests for work in our high schools.

We must therefore restrict our student bodies to the most talented boys we can find. It is the boy of more than ordinary talent toward whom the quality of our training has been pointing us for fifteen years.

The meaning of the word "talented" must be made very clear. Its overuse has restricted it to those with intellectual talent. This aspect of the word is only part of what we mean here. To intelligence we would add the qualities of creativity, leadership, and unselfishness. These cannot be tested by entrance examinations, IQ tests or grammar school report cards nor by declarations from the boy himself or frequently over-anxious teachers. They can be discovered only by personal and repeated contact with the individual.

Henceforth, then, we must speak not of "admissions policies" but of "recruitment techniques." We must no longer choose from the boys who want to come to us; we must go out and *find* the boys we want to come to us.

One effective source of these evaluative personal contacts we already have in our paraministries. One can tell, for instance, in any H.A.P. program where there are seven or eight boys together which boys wordlessly command the respect of their peers, which take charge of jobs, which offer the more constructive and creative responses to real and fabricated problems. These are the boys we must convince to come to our schools.

A second source of these "talented" boys is a recruiting agent, Jesuit or lay, who will scout the local grammar schools, private and public—much as our present vocations-directors do for candidates to the Society.

One of his prime sources must be ghetto elementary schools. Besides the call of the Gospel, Fr. General's directives, the govern-

ment, the mass media, we are called by the evidence of our own eyes and our own consciences to give much more of our efforts to the education of the poor. If every adolescent's search for values is painful, the ghetto adolescent's struggle is too often desperate. The most relevant issues today and for a long time to come are: poverty, race, and violence. The most relevant moment to cope with these issues is at their inception in the individual, at the beginning of awareness in the ghetto youth who is surrounded by these awesome and confusing forces all day long (and in the suburban youth who can remain aloof from them). The Society already has in its hands a most relevant means for grappling with these core issues at their most susceptible moment: the secondary school. We cannot, however, merely hope that talented-but-impoverished boys will "turn up." We must beat the hills for them. If it means that rich talented boys pay $1000 tuition so that poor talented boys can pay nothing, so be it. But we must give both rich and poor an education worth $1000 more than the local public school's.

The recruitment officer's activity should by no means be confined to Inner City schools but include middle-class and affluent neighborhoods as well. We must imbue tomorrow's middle class with a realization of their responsibility to help the poor. We must also never forget that Christ himself said the rich would have a harder time getting into the Kingdom than the poor.

Scientific studies and experiments give ample proof that we should strive for schools which have a racial and economic mix rather than one affluent school and one all-ghetto school. The strengths of distinct groups are educative for the other in very definite ways.

Participation in diocesan entrance examinations, if continued, should be only one source of candidates and one indication of a candidate's acceptability.

Concretely, we must commit ourselves to a recruitment policy and an educational program which accepts only those boys we prudently judge capable of changing the world. We must search out and educate the future mayors and city planners who will deslum our cities, the future teachers, writers, television commentators, artists, film directors who will shape the future *in a significant way.*

We must judge ourselves by our graduates, affluent or impover-

ished. Are they committed to the College Boards, money, social status, and cocktail-party liberalism? Or are they committed to bettering human life—in the ghetto or on Madison Avenue—motivated internally, long after they have left our sanctions and our prodding, by human concern and by a union with Jesus Christ.

(d) Faculty problems

Lost for time, the committee regrets its slighting this crucial area. Discussion centered mainly on faculty recruitment.

The *recruitment of laymen:* We sketch the following suggestions: alumni talent scouts, particularly those teaching in college; liaison with Jesuit colleges for potential teachers; the necessity for the applicants' sharing in the ideals of this report; frankness with the applicants that in the face of decreasing Jesuit manpower they will play a more responsible role; the use and wooing of practice teachers in the last years of their college training.

The *recruitment of Jesuits:* this process is critical. The meaning given to "Jesuit presence" in part one of this report at least presumes Jesuits present to carry it out.

The committee presents a carefully worked out model for promoting the interests of younger Jesuits in the secondary school. The model applies in its particulars to students at Shrub Oak. But its spirit applies also to priests finishing studies or already in colleges or high schools, should they wish to move into more vital institutions on the secondary level.

Suggested program for recruitment

Goals: (a) to make the *scholastics* more aware of the needs and possibilities of the high schools; to help them more realistically prepare for this in their choice of majors and in their understanding of the adolescent;

(b) to pressure the *individual schools* to improve themselves. In order to compete for available scholastics, they must articulate new goals and programs, continue re-evaluation, and remain open to innovation.

Procedure: during first-year philosophy: One day should be devoted to an explanation of the program, a projection of the direc-

tions in which the schools are moving, and the possibilities for interested regents. There should be at least one representative from each school, but the group should form a cross-section of the faculty and administration (headmaster, counsellor, priest-teacher, regent, layman, etc.) All of these persons would be available for a press conference or individual/group discussions afterwards.

Second-year philosophy—visits to the schools:

(1) Each school advertises what is happening and what opportunities are available in the school. It makes this pitch by sending a team to Shrub Oak.

(2) Each scholastic visits two schools for a period of one week in each of the schools. He may be assigned during this time to be an understudy to a good Regent, to assist on school retreats, to attend the liturgy with the students, find out about after-school activities, etc.

(3) Several scholastics should visit each of our schools so they can discuss the merits of each among themselves.

(4) There should be a period of mutual evaluation (the applicants evaluate the schools and the schools evaluate them). This should provide the schools with some legitimate, first-hand information about the scholastics, who should also be invited to participate in the summer H.A.P. programs, where their ability to communicate intellectually and socially could be evaluated.

(5) About a month after the applicants visit the schools, teams of representatives from each school should visit Shrub Oak to be available for conferences and discussions with those interested.

Third-year philosophy—a month-by-month approach:

October: Each school sends a list of academic and extra-curricular job opportunities.

December: Scholastics apply for jobs in two high schools, indicating first and second choices. Both high schools involved will be informed of the two choices and the preferences. If any information on the number of years one is to be available for high school teaching can be obtained, this should also be noted. References should also be included with the application.

January: The applicants are interviewed by the schools of their choice.

February: Schools notify of acceptance (one acceptance only for each scholastic). The school listed as first choice has the first opportunity to hire the applicant. If the school of first choice does not want the applicant, the school of the second choice may accept him. If neither school wants the man, he goes job hunting.

Problems: (a) Some high school groups constitute merely a segment of the larger Jesuit community in which they live. Factors in community life not directly under the control of the high school sub-community might diminish the potential for recruiting.

(b) In extraordinary cases, the Provincials with the headmasters may set a maximum number of regents for a school.

(c) The needs of the Church may in a given period conflict with the interests of the Jesuit applicants. If such a situation arises, however, re-education rather than an abandonment of the above program would be the desideratum.

Shrub Oak, New York
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